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A Terrible Discovery on Hampstead Heath. "Dying or dead, it was the face of Lord Harry."—Chapter XVII.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST GREAT ROMANCE. "BLIND LOVE."—[See Page 437.]

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TOGETHER WITH THE

CHARMING COLOURED PICTURE,

Entitled "HOW LIKE GRANDMA!" by C. Burton Barber,

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PRESS OPINION.

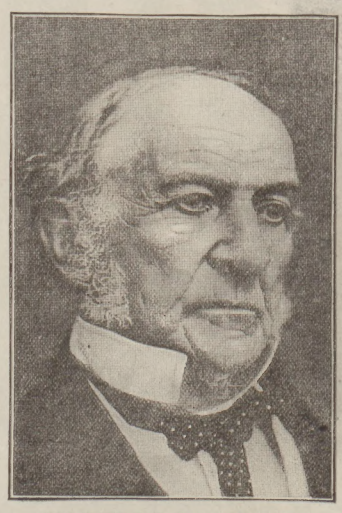
The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—

"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesque romance by G. R. Sims and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'How Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet doggie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one."

PERSONAL POLITICS

The G.O.M. at Home.

I HAVE had the good fortune to drop across a gentleman who has just returned from Hawarden on a visit to Mr. Gladstone. His visit ceased with Mr. Gladstone's journey to



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
From a Photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

Manchester, so he was able to give the last report of the ex-Premier's health and condition. He found the old man radiant with good spirits, animation, and that extraordinary unquenchable interest in things human and divine which Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries—the men who meet him at dinner-table, at reception, in his home, and in his travels—note as his most familiar characteristic. Mr. Gladstone is, indeed, a type of Ulysses—

For ever roaming with a hungry heart,

and he is as youthful in interest at eighty as he was at twenty. The ex-Premier is especially keen about his library, in which he spends many hours a day. During the last few months he has been arranging and docketing the vast mass of correspondence, with a view to future publication. Memorials of his life he will undoubtedly leave behind him, and ample material for a great history of the times. Whether a Gladstone autobiography is to be expected is, however, doubtful. I should say that Mr. Gladstone is more likely to entrust the most stupendous biographical work of the generation to an intimate friend. Mr. Morley would be in many ways an ideal man for such a work, but Mr. Morley is not an intimate of Mr. Gladstone's, and is, of course, not sympathetic to some aspects of his chief's career and personality. Indeed, in private life Mr. Morley always gives people the impression of being a trifle overawed by the stronger, more dominant character of the Liberal leader. Canon MacColl might possibly be the man, or Mr. Bryce. But Herbert Gladstone is quite clever and accomplished enough for the task.

His Talk.

My informant found Mr. Gladstone a terribly eager and pertinacious questioner. He wanted to know about everything—new movements in art, literature, and politics, new men, new everything, and his inquiries were so minute and searching that the cross-examined was in an agony lest he should betray woful ignorance on the one hand or give false views and information on the other. Mr. Gladstone always assumes that the man with whom he is talking knows as much as he does, and is interested in the same subjects, so he pours himself out and invites a similar process on the part of his companion. However, in the end, the great man gets the "way on," and it does not much matter about the other person. A stream of brilliant monologue comes pouring forth, and the latter is only too glad to slide into the subordinate rôle of listener. At dinner Mr. Gladstone talks and eats well. Oysters he cannot abide; but he takes wine pretty freely, and has a first-rate digestion. Late hours now tire him very much, but otherwise he is much the same man, physically, as he was ten years ago. The worst form of prostration in which I ever saw him sunk was at Lord Brassey's reception, at which he was cruelly bored and frightfully overdone. But next morning he had apparently entirely recovered, seeming as well as ever.

Mr. Stopford Brooke.

I see Mr. Stopford Brooke has been preaching a sermon on behalf of the Silvertown strikers. That is very like Mr. Brooke, who, in addition to being an Irishman and a strong Home Ruler, is also a bit of a Socialist and a keen sympathiser with the sufferings of the poor. Mr. Brooke has—or had—a debating society, at which he was a constant attendant, and to which he gave the tone by wearing a tie of the most revolutionary red. But there is no suggestion of red ties in Mr. Brooke's pulpit appearance. If I were asked to define Mr. Brooke's pulpit manner in a word, I should say that it was a type of true benignity. Mr. Brooke has been a Queen's Chaplain, has preached, and still preaches, to fashionable men and women, and has the courtly manner of speech which Thackeray so absurdly caricatured in the Rev. Charles Honeyman. But there is something better about him than outward prettiness o' style and mannerism. Brooke is a poet—perhaps the only poet—in the pulpit; he is a man of the most ideal temper and aims: he is a true lover of the people. The casual—the very casual—observer, who first looked on the handsome face, with its ample crown of wavy brown hair, the soft eyes and expressive mouth, would think more of one or two tricks of speech than of the preacher's whole method, the classic simplicity of his style, the sincerity of his aims, the beauty of his mind. But these latter qualities are what grow on the hearer, while the slighter eccentricities disappear. Mr. Brooke is a man of some private wealth; he lives in a charming house in Manchester-square, beautified by flowers and by a collection of very rare books, and he has a family of delightful daughters, one of whom recently married Dr. Beard's successor at Liverpool. His congregation at Bedford Chapel—though no longer as fashionable as it was—includes some leading figures. For years the venerable form of Dr. Martineau—one of the greatest of English divines—was conspicuous in one of the galleries.

Edmund Yates.

I see that Messrs. Sotheby have announced for sale what must be a very rare and curious little work—viz. the famous pamphlet in which Edmund Yates, then a very young man, drew a very free and not especially courteous portrait of Thackeray, and which ultimately led to Yates's expulsion from the Garrick Club on Thackeray's motion. Thackeray—a very sensitive and not particularly forgiving man—was undoubtedly very hard on a young author, and Dickens sided heartily with Yates. However, Edmund survived the shock of Thackeray's resentment, but, like him, never forgave. Of course, the forgiveness of the editor of the *World* is a different thing from the forgiveness of one of the greatest novelists of the age; but Mr. Yates has, throughout his career, earned a reputation for not easily forgetting a wrong or an affront. I should like to know, for instance, how many numbers of the *World* appear yearly without some unfriendly reference to the Lord Chief Justice, who sent Mr. Yates to Holloway for libelling Lord Lonsdale. Nor is Mr. Yates's pen always quite as light as it might be for such work as personal journalism requires. However, "Edmund" has his good points. To his friends he is ever true; he is a very strong and shrewd journalist, and he is willing to do young men a good turn. He practically lives at Brighton, leaving the details of the work on the *World* to Mr. Broadley, but keeping a rigorous oversight over the whole. One of his sons is Augustus Harris's right-hand man. Yates is a *gourmet* of a distinguished kind, tells a story well, loves a joke, must weigh sixteen stone, and is still a handsome man. He is fond of the company of the great, and is indispensable to Brighton society. He has known many great men—was a favourite of Dickens—and does not forget to tell the readers of the *World* so in every other issue of his paper. The *World* is a handsome property.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Christmas is Heralded

in good old-fashioned style—for the hale and hearty and the well-to-do. But while those blessed with sound constitutions and well-lined purses rejoice at the sight of hoar frost and ice and snow, chill December is a sorry time for the weak-chested and the poor in pocket. Among the pleasantest sights of the season are the throngs of eye-sparkling young people gazing at the doll-decked windows of Shoolbred's in Tottenham-court-road, and the toy-crammed shelves of Cremer's in Regent-street, the haunt of Fortune's favourites. So bright and pleasing is the Regent-street panorama of Wealth and Happiness that it is not easy for the stroller amid the richly befurred ladies and comfortably clad children to realise that, barely a stone's-throw away, there are dismal rooms, where infants are literally dying of starvation and bitter cold. I refer to the poverty-stricken streets wherein so many of the industrious poor are bravely fighting "the battle of life," and gallantly striving by hook or by crook to keep out of the workhouse. No parade of misery on their part. These humble sufferers have to be sought out. Hundreds, if not thousands, of this deserving class are in sore need of immediate relief. All praise to Mr. Frederick T. Davies, and to such philanthropists as he, for coming forward to help them. Mr. Davies last year organised an entertainment (to which the Princess of Wales subscribed: Many Happy Returns of the Day to her Royal Highness!), and realised no less than £105 for the poor of St. Pancras. On the Friday evening of the present week, Mr. Davies continues the good work by giving a very attractive concert for the same praiseworthy object at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street. Those who attend this feast of music will not only have a treat, but will be contributing to provide numbers of the helpless poor of St. Pancras with a cheery Christmas dinner. To indicate how many choice spirits are taking part in this seasonable entertainment, it may be added that such clever Artists as Alfred Bryan, Louis Wain, A. T. Elwes, Herbert Railton, and John Jellicoe have combined to design the ticket, programme, and accompanying etching. Well done!

"Cashel Byron's Profession."

My friend Mr. George Bernard Shaw has written a novel in which he describes a lady of wealth and position falling in love with a certain "unknown" whose profession is a mystery. Finally, this profession turns out to be that of a prizefighter. But Cashel Byron settles down to the life of a gentleman satisfactorily enough. "Very absurd!" it will be said. But truth is at least as strange as fiction, for I see that Mr. Jack Knifton, ex-pugilist, but now a vestryman, house and estate agent, sheriff's bailiff, and journalist, has been accompanying Professor Stuart through some of the more dangerous slums of the East End. I would not wish for a more satisfactory protector, and congratulate the Professor on his escort. Mr. Knifton is, we are told, a model vestryman, an unsparing exposer of jobbery, and has done much good in connection with the housing-of-the-poor question.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

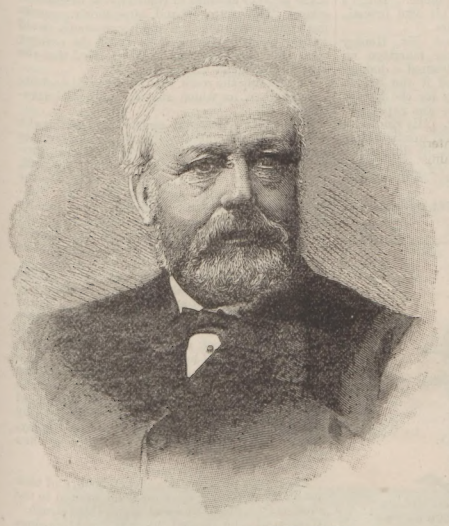
Mrs. Bernard-Beere's rendering of "La Tosca" at the Garrick Theatre is the talk of London. Mrs. Bernard-Beere comes of an artistic family; her father, Mr. Wilby Whitehead, having been greatly admired as a Norfolk artist. The actress herself is on terms of intimacy with many of the most famous personages in the literary, musical, artistic, and theatrical world. Her uncle, Mr. Charles Whitehead, was well known as a literary man, and Thackeray was her godfather. She for some time studied under Hermann Vezin, and made her first appearance at the Opéra Comique Theatre, but did not regularly make the stage her profession until 1878, for when she had only been three weeks in "the profession" she married Captain Dering, son of a Kentish Baronet. In January 1878 she played Julia in "The Rivals" at the St. James's Theatre. Playing various characters, she went to the Prince of Wales's, under Mr. Edgar Bruce, and to other London theatres, and then starred for a time with Mr. Boucicault in the provinces. She came more prominently forward in

Lord Tennyson's Play

"The Promise of May," and went to Haslemere to read her part to the poet, who disliked her large Gainsborough hat. "Why don't you take it off?" said the bard. "You are not grey, surely?" "The Promise of May" was a dire failure; but in Mr. Wills's "Jane Eyre" her success was very great, although she did not look the part. A bolder venture was that of Fédora, after Sarah Bernhardt. The success of the English actress was little, if any, less than that of the French tragédienne. Other important parts, such as the Comtesse Zicka in "Diplomacy," raised Mrs. Beere to the foremost position as an actress, and recently her remarkable impersonation of Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep" attracted great attention.

Thomas A. Walker.

The death of Mr. Thomas Walker, the well-known contractor of the Severn Tunnel and the Manchester Ship Canal, removes a very striking figure from the commercial life of England. Mr. Walker, who was born in the year 1828, and



THE LATE THOMAS ANDREW WALKER, CONTRACTOR.

educated at King's College, London, was reputed a good employer, who built lecture-halls, hospitals, and other valuable agencies for the men under his charge. He was buried on Friday week, at Cherwent Village, close to Sudbrook, at the end of the Severn Tunnel. THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mrs. Bernard-Beere

has indubitably achieved her greatest histrionic triumph in the English version of Sardou's powerful drama of "La Tosca," so magnificently produced by Mr. Hare at the Garrick Theatre, on the 28th of November. But the favourite English actress, divinely fair and divinely tall, is, I should imagine, of too amiable a disposition to quite equal Sarah Bernhardt in intense force in that crowning scene of the Baron Scarpia's assassination. The "Prompter" having relieved me of the necessity of recapitulating the details of Mrs. Beere's career, I need only offer her my meed of praise for what is, on the whole, an admirable assumption of the supremely arduous part of Floria Tosca. Her wayward love and jealousy in the superb opening scene in the Church of St. Andrea, where Count Mario Cavaradossi, changed by the translators from a lover into a husband, is engaged on a painting, may not have been as spontaneous as the acting of the great Sarah in this tableau; but Mrs. Bernard-Beere fairly vied with the famous French actress in the gay Salon gathering, a charming feast

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.
From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury-street, Pimlico.

of colour and of good taste in dress, and in the terrible inquisition scene at the Villa Cavaradossi, where La Tosca is made by the fiendish Scarpia to overhear the groans of her husband in order to draw from her the secret of Angelotti's hiding-place, Mrs. Beere was all that could be desired, eloquently realising the full anguish of the fearful situation. Though, as I have owned, the English Tosca impressed me less than the great original in the murder scene and in the final act—the grim details of the assassination of Scarpia being, nevertheless, watched with closest attention at the Garrick—yet, take it all in all, the Floria Tosca of Mrs. Bernard-Beere is a wonderfully good performance. If Mr. J. Forbes Robertson cannot help reproducing here and there some of the mannerisms of Mr. Irving as the implacable Chief of Police, his Scarpia is undeniably powerful—and would be perfect, if he acted as well as he speaks. Similarly, if Mr. Lewis Waller reminds one now and then of Mr. Wilson Barrett, it is the best style of that popular Actor-Manager that he reproduces, and I like him better as Cavaradossi than in any other part he has filled. The minor parts are capitally acted by Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Sydney Brough, and Miss Bessie Hatton, who makes an exceptionally intelligent Gennarino.

I hear on the best authority—and I am not surprised to hear—that Mr Hare has spent £4000 in mounting "La Tosca." He has been liberal from first to last. He commissioned *two* authors, Mr. F. G. Grove and Mr. H. Hamilton, to translate Sardou's play; and very well they have done their work. The costumes, designed by Mr. E. A. Abbey, are among the most beautiful that have ever adorned the stage; while, as for the masterpieces of scenery, not even the Lyceum has surpassed the grand church scene designed by Mr. E. Salomons, or the brilliant salon of the Farnese Palace, or the alluring Villa Cavaradossi. These handsome scenes are painted by Mr. Harford, and the final grand tableau of Rome is by Mr. Ryan. There can be not a doubt that Mr. Hare will soon see his money back again, and reap a golden harvest into the bargain, so freely are playgoers booking seats in advance at the Garrick.

While the grand loyalist drama of "The Royal Oak" terminated its run at Drury-Lane on Saturday night last, leaving the fine stage free for the preparation of Mr. Augustus Harris's pantomimic *chef d'œuvre*, "Jack and the Beanstalk," Mr. Henry Irving finds his splendidly mounted revival of "The Dead Heart" drawing the public with unabated power to the Lyceum, and the right merry and mirth-moving melodrama of "London Day by Day," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, continues to fill the Adelphi with delighted audiences. By the way, the popular manager of the Lyceum has hit upon a considerate idea for Christmas week. Mr. Irving has arranged to give two matinées of "The Dead Heart" on the afternoons of Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23 and 24. On the evenings of these days the Lyceum will be closed.

The new syndicate that is running the Princess's Theatre deserve every credit for the thorough renovation and bright redecoration of the Oxford-street playhouse. Commendable enterprise was shown, too, in the handsome mounting of the fresh drama with which the house was reopened last Saturday night. Pity the piece was not as good as the scenery! Mr. Brandon Thomas, a clever actor and accomplished entertainer, had done such good work in "Comrades," "The Colour Sergeant," and "A Highland Legacy," that we were justified in expecting something better from him than "The Gold Craze," which turned out to be a drama of the most irrational type, presenting not a single character to interest the audience. Baron De Fleurville, an adventurer and a rogue, and the promoter of a gold-mine when the play opens, is the arch-fiend of "The Gold Craze," which starts with a murder by this Baron, and with the banishment of the hero, young Verity, with his sweetheart, whom the scoundrel worships, to a South African gold-mine barren of gold. Thence the long-suffering hero and heroine, now married, are hunted by De Fleurville to France, where Verity escapes from prison, and finds safety on board an old friend's yacht. Justice is finally meted out in what appears to be the garden of the Star and Garter (with a beautiful view of the Thames) at Richmond. This epitome will give some faint notion of the improbable nature of the incidents in "The Gold Craze," which was received with dissatisfaction, though it was enacted throughout with admirable spirit by a strong company, comprising Miss Amy Roselle as Lucy Merton, Miss Fanny Brough as Miss Primley, Miss A. Dairolles as Marie, the wife of the ne'er-do-weel Smith (Mr. Robert Pateman, very powerful), Mr. J. H. Barnes as the Baron De Fleurville, Mr. J. Beauchamp as Jonas Merton, Mr. W. Herbert as Philip Verity, and Mr. Sant Matthews as a poor clerk who becomes a millionaire, and follows Fanny Brough over the globe.

London is on the tiptoe of expectation to hear what the new Venetian Gilbert-Sullivan opera, due to-night at the Savoy, is like. As the Savoy has always provided a refined, humorous entertainment of the highest class, we all unite to wish the composer, author, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte every success for the new venture.

THESPIS.

The St. Giles's Christian Mission on Monday night gave their customary dinner to reclaimed thieves in their mission-house, near Drury-lane. Sympathetic allusion was made to the illness of Mr. George Hatton, the zealous superintendent of the mission.

GARDENING IN SEASON

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

Winter is come at last! After an unusually mild and prolonged autumn a sudden change has taken place. A biting nor'-wester and sharp frost have robbed the outdoor garden of the last remnants of its whilom beauty and enjoyableness. And yet not quite the last, for the brave

Winter Jasmine

(Jasminum nudiflorum) is just opening its first golden star-like blossoms, and under the shelter of a warm wall makes quite a show, and seems, like the song of the robin, to remind us that it is not always winter, but that there are brighter days in store for those who can wait patiently for them. It is worth while to know that sprays of this pretty plant, cut when the buds are on the point of expanding, and placed in water, will open beautifully in the house.

How bright and cheerful are the

Berry-bearing Shrubs

and trees at this season! There are the hollies, with scarlet, pale red, and yellow berries; aucubas, which berry freely if a male plant is placed here and there among the rest, thorns of several kinds, among which the beautiful fiery thorn (Cratægus Pyracantha) is one of the finest; the mezereon (Daphne Mezereum), cotoneasters, skimmias; the great apple-bearing rose (R. pomifera), as well as R. rugosa and some others; the white snowberry-tree, and purple-berried berberis and ivy, not to mention the larger mountain ash, yew, and the beautiful glossy-leaved strawberry-tree (Arbutus Unedo). The spindle-tree, Euonymus europæus, and the bright scarlet-fruited barberry, are also much too rarely met with.

Hardy Trees and Shrubs,

as well as roses, clematis, and other climbing plants, &c., may still be planted in open weather; but if either the ground is frozen or the wind keen and dry, lay them in "by the heels" in a sheltered corner until a change occurs.

Beds of hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbs may be advantageously covered, or "mulched," with two or three inches of fresh cocoanut fibre; do not apply it while the soil is frozen, or you will keep the cold *in*, instead of out, but wait until it is warm after a sunny day.

It has been a grand season for

Chrysanthemums,

though they are now nearly over, with the exception of a few of the latest kinds. Never have such large and beautifully coloured flowers been seen at the various shows—though of what real use or beauty such huge overgrown blossoms are it would be difficult to say. Even in the open air these flowers have been unusually plentiful and fine this year, and, indeed, have kept the garden gay until within the last few days. In the

Greenhouse,

the chrysanthemums should be cut down as they go out of flower, and removed to a cool frame or pit where they will be safe from frost, but no more. Here they will soon throw plenty of strong cuttings, which may be taken off and rooted in small pots at any time now, and, to produce large plants or blooms next year, the sooner the better. Here the

Bouvardias

are in full beauty now. I am very fond of these charming flowers; the neat heads of tube-like blossoms, pure white, blush, pink, and scarlet, are more than welcome when flowers are so scarce as now, and simply invaluable for making bouquets, button-holes, and so forth. To do them justice, however, they need a temperature of about 60 deg. while in bloom. The double varieties are pretty, but of no use for winter flowering. The varieties of

Epacris

are also just beginning to bloom in the greenhouse, and very beautiful they are. Camellias that set their buds early are opening a few blossoms, and heliotropes and zonal pelargoniums will bloom the winter long in a genially warm atmosphere, with plenty of light. Hyacinths, early tulips, and other bulbs that are well rooted, also forward azaleas, and a few roses, deutzias, &c., may now be forced in a warm house.

Now that the frosts are here again, let me remind my readers that

A Sheet of Paper

is one of the best of non-conductors, and that even an ordinary newspaper thrown over a group of plants in the window or greenhouse at night will render them safe from several degrees of frost. When watering indoor plants at this season, always use water with just the chill taken off.

Fruit Garden.

Fruit-trees of all kinds are still being planted vigorously in many places, but those who are wise will have got all theirs in while the weather was still mild and the ground warm, and thereby secured the pick of the trees, as well as giving them a better chance, and avoiding injury to the roots by cold winds and frost. To those who have still work of the kind on hand I would say, Keep the collar of the trees *high*, the roots near the surface, and make the soil quite firm. See that the ground is

Well Drained,

and avoid manure, unless the soil is really poor. Deep, rich, moist soil is right enough for vegetables, but fruit-trees do not need it, certainly not until they begin bearing, and then nourishment is best supplied by means of rich top-dressings and liquid manure.

As regards

Stocks,

if you want a quick return, and neat dwarf-trees with plenty of roots, plant apples on the paradise, and apples on the quince stocks; but in twenty years' time these will be falling off rapidly, while trees worked on the crab and pear stocks respectively will be improving annually.

As soon as the planting is done, begin

Pruning.

Established standards will only need to have their branches thinned out a little, so as to admit light and air to every part. Dwarf pyramids, bushes, &c., that have attained their full size, or nearly so, should have all the young shoots "spurred in" to within three or four buds of the old wood, while espaliers and cordons need much the same treatment. Plant healthy young

Gooseberry and Currant

bushes, and prune the older ones. Mind only to shorten the young shoots of the former, also black currants, a little, but thin them out if crowded, leaving the strongest.

Late Grapes

must be frequently looked over, and all mouldy berries removed. Prune all vines as the grapes are cut, and make preparations for starting the early vinery.

Vegetable Garden.

Finish trenching as soon as possible now, but take care never to bury any clods of frozen earth or snow. A moderate quantity of beet, parsnip, turnip, and other roots should be lifted for present needs: but, at any rate in light dry soils, the bulk will keep in much better condition in the ground, covered with a layer of dry straw or fern to exclude frost.

Sea-Kale

may now be easily forced in a mushroom-shed, house, or pit, at 50 deg. to 60 deg. Plant a dozen or more of the roots together in a good-sized pot or box of light soil, invert another one over it to exclude light, and keep moist. Rhubarb may be similarly treated, but singly. To force asparagus, 10 deg. more heat is required, so that a hot-bed frame is best. A frame or two filled with strong parsley roots will be useful now.

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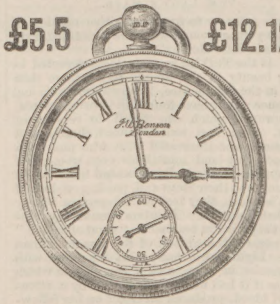

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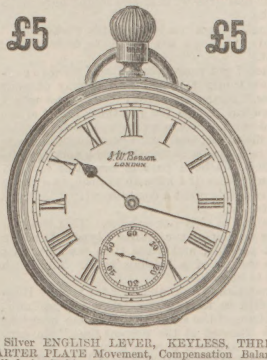

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE LADY'S MAID.

IT was not easy to form a positive opinion of the young woman who now presented herself in Miss Henley's room.

If the Turkish taste is truly reported as valuing beauty in the female figure more than beauty in the female face, Fanny Mere's personal appearance might have found, in Constantinople, the approval which she failed to receive in London. Slim and well-balanced, firmly and neatly made, she interested men who met with her by accident (and sometimes even women), if they happened to be walking behind her. When they quickened their steps and, passing on, looked back at her face, they lost all interest in Fanny from that moment. Painters would have described the defect in her face as "want of colour." She was one of the whitest of fair female human beings. Light flaxen hair, faint blue eyes with no expression in them, and a complexion which looked as if it had never been stirred by a circulation of blood, produced an effect on her fellow-creatures in general which made them insensible to the beauty of her figure and the grace of her movements.

Iris opened the interview with her customary frankness, leaving the consequences to follow as they might.

"Take a seat, Fanny," she said, "and let us try if we can understand each other. I think you will agree with me that there must be no concealments between us. You ought to know that your mistress has told me why she parted with you. Pray believe me when I say that I don't know, and don't wish to know, what your temptation may have been"——

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for interrupting you. My temptation was vanity."

Whether she did or did not suffer in making that confession, it was impossible to discover. Her tones were quiet; her manner was unobtrusively respectful; the pallor of her face was not disturbed by the slightest change of colour. Was the new maid an insensible person? Iris began to fear already that she might have made a mistake.

"I don't expect you to enter into particulars," she said; "I don't ask you here to humiliate yourself."

"When I got your letter, Miss, I tried to consider how I might show myself worthy of your kindness," Fanny answered. "The one way I could see was not to let you think better of me than I deserve. When a person, like me, is told, for the first time, that her figure makes amends for her face, she is flattered by the only compliment that has been paid to her in all her life. My excuse, Miss (if I have an excuse), is a mean one—I couldn't resist a compliment. That is all I have to say."

Iris began to alter her opinion. This was not a young woman of the ordinary type. It began to look possible, and more than possible, that she was worthy of a helping hand. The truth seemed to be in her.

"I understand you, and feel for you." Having replied in those words, Iris wisely and delicately changed the subject. "Let me hear how you are situated at the present time," she continued. "Are your parents living?"

"My father and mother are dead, Miss."

"Have you any other relatives?"

"They are too poor to be able to do anything for me. I have lost my character—and I am left to help myself."

All that appealed to her, so simply and so modestly, in that reply, was not lost on Iris. After an interval of silence, she said:—

"Can you guess what I am thinking of, Fanny?"

"No, Miss."

"I am asking myself a question. If I try you in my service, shall I never regret it?"

For the first time, strong emotion shook Fanny Mere. Her voice failed her, in the effort to speak. Iris considerately went on.

"You will take the place," she said, "of a maid who has been with me for years—a good dear creature who has only left me through ill health. I must not expect too much of you; I cannot hope that you will be to me what Rhoda Bennet has been."

Fanny succeeded in controlling herself. "Is there any hope," she asked, "of my seeing Rhoda Bennet?"

"Why do you wish to see her?"

"You are fond of her, Miss—that is one reason."

"And the other?"

"Rhoda Bennet might help me to serve you as I want to serve you; she might perhaps encourage me to try if I could follow her example." Fanny paused, and clasped her hands fervently. The thought that was in her forced its way to expression. "It's so easy to feel grateful," she said—"and, oh, so hard to show it!"

"Come to me," her new mistress answered, "and show it to-morrow."

Moved by that compassionate impulse, Iris said the words which restored to an unfortunate creature a lost character and a forfeited place in the world.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. HENLEY'S TEMPER.

Provided by Nature with ironclad constitutional defences against illness, Mr. Henley was now and then troubled with groundless doubts of his own state of health. Acting under a delusion of this kind, he imagined symptoms which rendered a change of residence necessary from his town house to his country house, a few days only after his daughter had decided on the engagement of her new maid.

Iris gladly, even eagerly, adapted her own wishes to the furtherance of her father's plans. Sorely tried by anxiety and suspense, she needed all that rest and tranquillity could do for her. The first week in the country produced an improvement in her health. Enjoying the serene beauty of woodland and field, breathing the delicious purity of the air—sometimes cultivating her own corner in the garden, and sometimes helping the women in the lighter labours of the dairy—her nerves recovered their tone, and her spirits rose again to their higher level.

In the performance of her duties the new maid justified Miss Henley's confidence in her, during the residence of the household in the country.

Sometimes cultivating her own corner in the garden.

She showed, in her own undemonstrative way, a grateful sense of her mistress's kindness.

The pleasant life in the country house had lasted for nearly a month, when the announcement of Hugh's approaching return to England reached Iris. The fatal end of his father's long and lingering illness had arrived, and the funeral had taken place. Business, connected with his succession to the property, would detain him in London for a few days. Submitting to this necessity, he earnestly expressed the hope of seeing Iris again, the moment he was at liberty.

Hearing the good news, Mr. Henley obstinately returned to his plans—already twice thwarted—for promoting the marriage of Mountjoy and Iris.

He wrote to invite Hugh to his house in a tone of cordiality which astonished his daughter; and when the guest arrived, the genial welcome of the host had but one defect—Mr. Henley overacted his part.

When Hugh's visit came to an end, he continued his journey in a northerly direction. The property left to him by his father included a cottage, standing in its own grounds, on the Scotch shore of the Solway Firth. The place had been neglected during the long residence of the elder Mr. Mountjoy on the Continent. Hugh's present object was to judge, by his own investigation, of the necessity for repairs.

On the departure of his guest, Mr. Henley (still obstinately hopeful of the marriage on which he had set his mind) assumed a jocular manner towards Iris, and asked if the Scotch cottage was to be put in order for the honeymoon. Her reply, gently as it was expressed, threw him into a state of fury. His vindictive temper revelled, not only in harsh words, but in spiteful actions. He sold one of his dogs which had specially attached itself to Iris; and, seeing that she still enjoyed the country, he decided on returning to London.

She submitted in silence. But the events of that past time, when her father's merciless conduct had driven her out of his house, returned ominously to her memory. She said to herself: "Is a day coming when I shall leave him again?" It was coming—and she little knew how.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOCTOR IN FULL DRESS.

Mr. Henley's household had been again established in London, when a servant appeared one morning with a visiting card, and announced that a gentleman had called who wished to see Miss Henley. She looked at the card. The gentleman was Mr. Vimpany.

On the point of directing the man to say that she was engaged, Iris checked herself.

Mrs. Vimpany's farewell words had produced a strong impression on her. There had been moments of doubt and gloom in her later life, when the remembrance of that unhappy woman was associated with a feeling (perhaps a morbid feeling) of self-reproach. It seemed to be hard on the poor penitent wretch not to have written to her. Was she still leading the same dreary life in the mouldering old town? Or had she made another attempt to return to the ungrateful stage? The gross husband, impudently presenting himself with his card and his message, could answer those questions if he could do nothing else. For that reason only, Iris decided that she would receive Mr. Vimpany.

On entering the room, she found two discoveries awaiting her, for which she was entirely unprepared.

The doctor's personal appearance exhibited a striking change; he was dressed, in accordance with the strictest notions of professional propriety, entirely in black. More remarkable still, there happened to be a French novel among the books on the table—and that novel Mr. Vimpany, barbarous Mr. Vimpany, was actually reading with an appearance of understanding it!

"I seem to surprise you," said the doctor. "Is it this?" He held up the French novel as he put the question.

"I must own that I was not aware of the range of your accomplishments," Iris answered.

"Oh, don't talk of accomplishments! I learnt my profession in Paris. For nigh on three years I lived among the French medical students. Noticing this book on the table, I thought I would try whether I had forgotten the language—in the time that has passed (you know) since those days. Well, my memory isn't a good one in most things, but, strange to say (force of habit, I suppose), some of my French sticks by me still. I hope I see you well, Miss Henley. Might I ask if you noticed the new address when I sent up my card?"

"I only noticed your name."

The doctor produced his pocket-book, and took out a second card. With pride he pointed to the address: "5, Redburn Road, Hampstead Heath." With pride he looked at his black clothes. "Strictly professional, isn't it?" he said. "I have bought a new practice; and I have become a new man. It isn't easy at first. No, by jingo—I beg your pardon—I was about to say, my own respectability rather bothers me; I shall get used to it in time. If you will allow me, I'll take a liberty. No offence, I hope?"

He produced a handful of his cards, and laid them out in a neat little semicircle on the table.

"A word of recommendation, when you have the chance, would be a friendly act on your part," he explained. "Capital air in Redburn Road, and a fine view of the Heath out of the garret windows—but it's rather an out-of-the-way situation. Not that I complain; beggars mustn't be choosers. I should have preferred a practice in a fashionable part of London; but our little windfall of money"——

He came to a full-stop in the middle of a sentence. The sale of the superb diamond pin, by means of which Lord Harry had repaid Mrs. Vimpany's services, was, of all domestic events, the last which it might be wise to mention in the presence of Miss Henley. He was awkwardly silent. Taking advantage of that circumstance, Iris introduced the subject in which she felt interested.

"How is Mrs. Vimpany?" she asked.

"Oh, she's all right!"

"Does she like your new house?"

The doctor made a strange reply. "I really can't tell you," he said.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Vimpany declines to express an opinion?"

He laughed. "In all my experience," he said, "I never met with a woman who did that! No, no; the fact is, my wife and I have parted company. There's no need to look so serious about it! Incompatibility of temper, as the saying is, has led us to a friendly separation. Equally a relief on both sides. She goes her way, and I go mine."

His tone disgusted Iris—and she let him see it. "Is it of any use to ask you for Mrs. Vimpany's address?" she inquired.

His atrocious good-humour kept its balance as steadily as ever: "Sorry to disappoint you. Mrs. Vimpany hasn't given me her address. Curious, isn't it? The fact is, she moped a good deal, after she left us; talked of her duty, and the care of her soul, and that sort of thing. When I hear where she is, I'll let you know with pleasure. To the best of my belief, she's doing nurse's work somewhere."

"Nurse's work? What do you mean?"

"Oh, the right thing—all in the fashion. She belongs to what they call a Sisterhood: goes about, you know, in a shabby black gown, with a poke bonnet. At least, so Lord Harry told me the other day."

In spite of herself, Iris betrayed the agitation which those words instantly roused in her. "Lord Harry!" she exclaimed. "Where is he? In London?"

"Yes—at Parker's Hotel."

"When did he return?"

"Oh, a few days ago; and—what do you think?—he's come back from the gold-fields a lucky man. Damn it, I've let the cat out of the bag! I was to keep the thing a secret from everybody, and from you most particularly. He's got some surprise in store for you. Don't tell him what I've done! We had a little misunderstanding, in past days, at Honeybuzzard—and, now we are friends again, I don't want to lose his lordship's interest."

Iris promised to be silent. But to know that the wild lord was in England again, and to remain in ignorance whether he had, or had not, returned with the stain of bloodshed on him, was more than she could endure.

"There is one question I must ask you," she said. "I have reason to fear that Lord Harry left this country with a purpose of revenge"——

Mr. Vimpany wanted no further explanation. "Yes, yes; I know. You may be easy about that. There's been no mischief done, either one way or the other. The man he was after, when he landed in South Africa (he told me so himself), has escaped him."

With that reply, the doctor got up in a hurry to bring his visit to an end. He proposed to take to flight, he remarked facetiously, before Miss Henley wheedled him into saying anything more.

After opening the door, however, he suddenly returned to Iris, and added a last word in the strictest confidence.

"If you won't forget to recommend me to your friends," he said, "I'll trust you with another secret. You will see his lordship in a day or two, when he returns from the races. Good-bye."

The races! What was Lord Harry doing at the races?

CHAPTER XVII.

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Iris had only to remember the manner in which she and Mountjoy had disappointed her father to perceive the serious necessity of preventing Mountjoy's rival from paying a visit at Mr. Henley's house.

She wrote at once to Lord Harry, at the hotel which Mr. Vimpany had mentioned, entreating him not to think of calling on her. Being well aware that he would insist on a meeting, she engaged to write again and propose an appointment. In making this concession, Iris might have found it easier to persuade herself that she was yielding to sheer necessity, if she had not been guiltily conscious of a feeling of pleasure at the prospect of seeing Lord Harry again, returning to her an innocent man. There was some influence, in this train of thought, which led her mind back to Hugh. She regretted his absence—wondered whether he would have proposed throwing her letter to the Irish lord into the fire—sighed, closed the envelope, and sent the letter to the post.

On the next day, she had arranged to drive to Muswell Hill, and to pay the customary visit to Rhoda. Heavy rain obliged her to wait for a fitter opportunity. It was only on the third day that the sky cleared, and the weather was favourable again. On a sunshiny autumn morning, with a fine keen air blowing, she ordered the open carriage. Noticing, while Fanny Mere was helping her to dress, that the girl looked even paler than usual, she said, with her customary kindness to persons dependent on her, "You look as if a drive in the fresh air would do you good—you shall go with me to the farm, and see Rhoda Bennet."

When they stopped at the house, the farmer's wife appeared, attending a gentleman to the door. Iris at once recognised the local medical man. "You're not in attendance, I hope, on Rhoda Bennet?" she said.

The doctor acknowledged that there had been some return of the nervous derangement from which the girl suffered. He depended mainly (he said) on the weather allowing her to be out as much as possible in the fresh air, and on keeping her free from all agitation. Rhoda was so far on the way to recovery that she was now walking in the garden by his advice. He had no fear of her, provided she was not too readily encouraged, in her present state, to receive visitors. Her mistress would be, of course, an exception to this rule. But even Miss Henley would perhaps do well not to excite the girl by prolonging her visit. There was one other suggestion which he would venture to make, while he had the opportunity. Rhoda was not, as he thought, warmly enough clothed for the time of year; and a bad cold might be easily caught by a person in her condition.

Iris entered the farmhouse; leaving Fanny Mere, after what the doctor had said on the subject of visitors, to wait for her in the carriage.

After an absence of barely ten minutes Miss Henley returned; personally changed, not at all to her own advantage, by the introduction of a novelty in her dress. She had gone into the farmhouse wearing a handsome mantle of sealskin. When she came out again, the mantle had vanished, and there appeared in its place a common cloak of drab-coloured cloth. Noticing the expression of blank amazement in the maid's face, Iris burst out laughing.

"How do you think I look in my new cloak?" she asked.

Fanny saw nothing to laugh at in the sacrifice of a sealskin mantle. "I must not presume, Miss, to give an opinion," she said gravely.

"At any rate," Iris continued, "you must be more than mortal if my change of costume doesn't excite your curiosity. I found Rhoda Bennet in the garden, exposed to the cold wind in this ugly flimsy thing. After what the doctor had told me, it was high time to assert my authority. I insisted on changing cloaks with Rhoda. She made an attempt, poor dear, to resist; but she knows me of old—and I had my way. I am sorry you have been prevented from seeing her; you shall not miss the opportunity when she is well again. Do you admire a fine view? Very well; we will vary the drive on our return. Go back," she said to the coachman, "by Highgate and Hampstead."

Fanny's eyes rested on the shabby cloak with a well-founded distrust of it as a protection against the autumn weather. She ventured to suggest that her mistress might feel the loss (in an open carriage) of the warm mantle which she had left on Rhoda's shoulders.

Iris made light of the doubt expressed by her maid. But by the time they had passed Highgate, and had approached the beginning of the straight road which crosses the high ridge of Hampstead Heath, she was obliged to acknowledge that she did indeed feel the cold. "You ought to be a good walker," she said, looking at her maid's firm well-knit figure. "Exercise is all I want to warm me. What do you say to going home on foot?" Fanny was ready and willing to accompany her mistress. The carriage was dismissed, and they set forth on their walk.

As they passed the inn called "The Spaniards," two women who were standing at the garden gate stared at Iris, and smiled. A few paces farther on, they were met by an errand-boy. He, too, looked at the young lady, and put his hand derisively to his head, with a shrill whistle expressive of malicious enjoyment. "I appear to amuse these people," Iris said. "What do they see in me?"

Fanny answered with an effort to preserve her gravity, which was not quite successfully disguised: "I beg your pardon, Miss; I think they notice the curious contrast between your beautiful bonnet and your shabby cloak."

"There's but one thing to be done," Iris said, "we must make my grand bonnet suit itself to my miserable cloak. You will pull out the feather and rip off the lace (and keep them for yourself, if you like), and then I ought to look shabby enough from head to foot, I am sure! No; not here; they may notice us from the road—and what may the fools not do when they see you tearing the ornaments off my bonnet? Come down below the trees, where the ground will hide us."

They had nearly descended the steep slope which leads to the valley, below the clump of firs, when they were stopped by a terrible discovery.

Close at their feet, in a hollow of the ground, was stretched the insensible body of a man. He lay on his side, with his face turned away from them. An open razor had dropped close by him. Iris stooped over the prostrate man, to examine his face. Blood flowing from a frightful wound in his throat was the first thing that she saw. Her eyes closed instinctively, recoiling from that ghastly sight. The next instant she opened them again, and saw his face.

Dying or dead, it was the face of Lord Harry.

The shriek that burst from her, on making that horrible discovery, was heard by two men who were crossing the lower heath at some distance. They saw the women, and ran to them. One of the men was a labourer: the other, better dressed, looked like a foreman of works. He was the first who arrived on the spot.

"Enough to frighten you out of your senses, ladies," he said civilly. "It's a case of suicide, I should say, by the look of it."

"For God's sake, let us do something to help him!" Iris burst out. "I know him! I know him!"

Fanny, equal to the emergency, asked Miss Henley for her handkerchief, joined her own handkerchief to it, and began to bandage the wound. "Try if his pulse is beating," she said quietly to her mistress. The foreman made himself useful by examining the suicide's pockets. Iris thought she could detect a faint fluttering in the pulse. "Is there no doctor living near?" she cried. "Is there no carriage to be found in this horrible place?"

The foreman had discovered two letters. Iris read her own name on one of them. The other was addressed "To the person who may find my body." She tore the envelope open. It contained one of Mr. Vimpany's cards, with these desperate words written on it in pencil: "Take me to the doctor's address, and let him bury me or dissect me, whichever he pleases." Iris showed the card to the foreman. "Is it near here?" she asked. "Yes, Miss; we might get him to that place in no time, if there was a conveyance of any kind to be found." Still preserving her presence of mind, Fanny pointed in the direction of The Spaniards Inn. "We might get what we want there," she said. "Shall I go?"

Iris signed to her to attend to the wounded man, and ascended the sloping ground. She ran on towards the road. The men, directed by Fanny, raised the body and slowly followed her, diverging to an easier ascent. As Iris reached the road, a four-wheeled cab passed her. Without an instant's hesitation, she called to the driver to stop. He pulled up his horse. She confronted a solitary gentleman, staring out of the window of the cab, and looking as if he thought a lady had taken a liberty with him. Iris allowed the outraged stranger no opportunity of expressing his sentiments. Breathless as she was, she spoke first.

"Pray forgive me—you are alone in the cab—there is room for a gentleman, dangerously wounded—he will bleed to death, if we don't find help for him—the place is close by—oh, don't refuse me!" She looked back, holding fast by the cab door, and saw Fanny and the men slowly approaching. "Bring him here!" she cried.

"Do nothing of the sort!" shouted the gentleman in possession of the cab.

But Fanny obeyed her mistress; and the men obeyed Fanny. Iris turned indignantly to the merciless stranger. "I ask you to do an act of Christian kindness," she said. "How can you, how dare you, hesitate?"

"Drive on!" cried the stranger.

"Drive on, at your peril," Iris added, on her side.

The cabman sat, silent and stolid on the box, waiting for events.

Slowly the men came in view, bearing Lord Harry, still insensible. The handkerchiefs on his throat were saturated with blood. At that sight, the cowardly instincts of the stranger completely mastered him. "Let me out!" he clamoured; "let me out!"

Finding the cab left at her disposal, Iris actually thanked him! He looked at her with an evil eye. "I have my suspicions, I can tell you," he muttered. "If this comes to a trial in a court of law, I'm not going to be mixed up with it. Innocent people have been hanged before now, when appearances were against them."

He walked off; and, by way of completing the revelation of his own meanness, forgot to pay his fare.

On the point of starting the horse to pursue him, the cabman was effectually stopped. Iris showed him a sovereign. Upon this hint (like Othello) he spoke.

"All right, Miss. I see your poor gentleman is a-bleeding. You'll take care—won't you?—that he doesn't spoil my cushions." The driver was not an ill-conditioned man; he put the case of his property indulgently, with a persuasive smile. Iris turned to the two worthy fellows, who had so readily given her their help, and bade them good-bye, with a solid expression of her gratitude which they both remembered for many a long day to come. Fanny was already in the cab supporting Lord Harry's body. Iris joined her. The cabman drove carefully to Mr. Vimpany's new house.

(To be continued.)

Slowly the men came in view, bearing Lord Harry, still insensible.

How the World Wags

The Prince of Wales and Prince George, who are at Sandringham, on several days during the past week drove over to Castle Rising and joined the Duke of Fife in shooting through the covers on the Castle Rising estate. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, also paid a number of visits to Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) at Castle Rising Hall.

Sunday last was the forty-fifth birthday of the Princess of Wales, and the bells of St. George's Chapel and Windsor parish church were rung in celebration of the event.

Prince Albert Victor laid the foundation-stone of the Maharajah College at Mysore on the 29th ult.

The Court Circular states that "her Majesty has received frequent accounts of Prince Albert Victor's progress in India, where he has everywhere been enthusiastically received, and is in excellent health. All the stories of accidents with elephants, &c., are totally without foundation."

According to present arrangements it is fully anticipated that her Majesty the Queen will open Parliament in person next Session.

Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to Manchester on Monday, and received an enthusiastic welcome from the representatives of his party in that city and its neighbourhood. Several crowded meetings took place during his visit, and the right hon. gentleman foreshadowed a programme of reform which included, in addition to Home Rule, the granting of land allotments, the relief of the crofters, free education, enfranchisement of leaseholds, shorter Parliaments, Home Rule and disestablishment of the Church in Scotland and Wales, reform of the House of Lords, and a reform of the currency.

Mr. Browning reached London on Monday from his stay in Venice. A new volume of his poems will be published next week.

Mr. Sexton, M.P., has brought an action for libel against the *Scotsman* newspaper.

St. Andrew's Day was observed on Saturday last in the customary manner. The Scottish Corporation held its 225th anniversary festival at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of the Marquis of Bute; and the usual Scottish concerts were given at the St. James's Hall, the Albert Hall, and the Crystal Palace.

More big disasters are announced from America. A terrible fire, caused by the electric light wires, broke out in Lynn, Massachusetts, on the 26th ult., when a square mile of buildings were destroyed, including four banks, several churches, four newspaper offices, and a number of club-houses.

On Saturday last a terrible fire took place in the city of Minneapolis. The fire broke out in an eight-storey building, owned and partly occupied by the *Tribune*. A number of compositors and others were cut off on the seventh floor, and some threw themselves into the street below, and were crushed into shapeless masses. One man was seen to stand on a window-sill looking at the flames behind him, and then into the depth of the street below. He finally drew a revolver from his pocket and killed himself. A vast crowd witnessed the conflagration. From ten to twenty persons lost their lives.

Mr. Carter, the old-established station-master at the Reading terminus of the South-Eastern and South-Western Railways, while walking down the line to superintend some shunting operations at midday on Sunday, was knocked down by an engine, and sustained such fearful injuries that he died immediately.

Skating commenced on Monday morning last in the Lincolnshire Fens, there being good ice on some of the "drains."

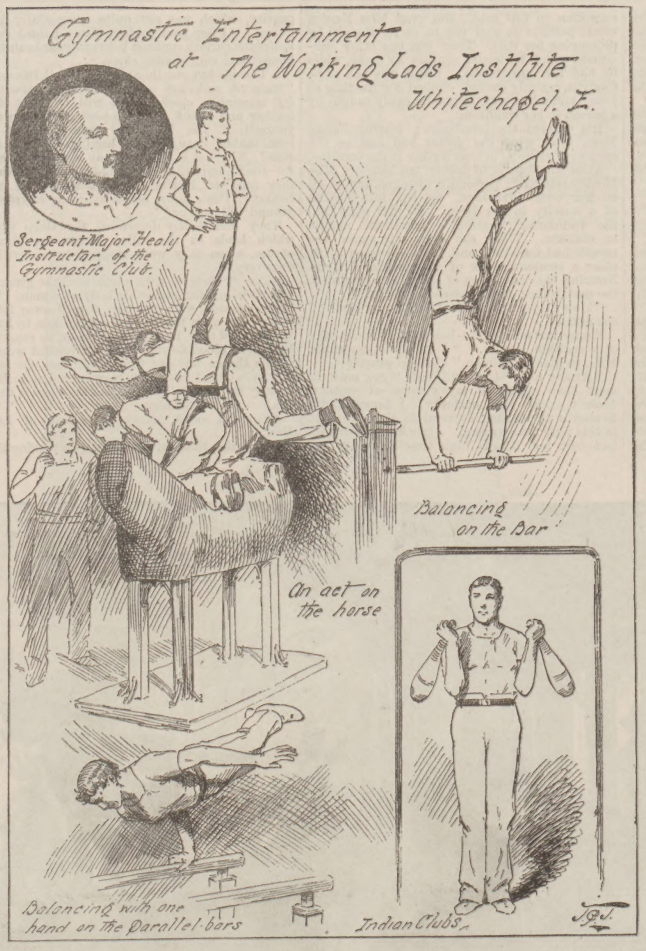
Dr. Francis Cuthbertson, the second master of the City of London School, was a member of Dr. Calthorp's congregation in the north of London. He was just entering his pew on Sunday morning last, taking off his overcoat the while, when he fell down dead before the eyes of his children. Heart disease was the cause of death.

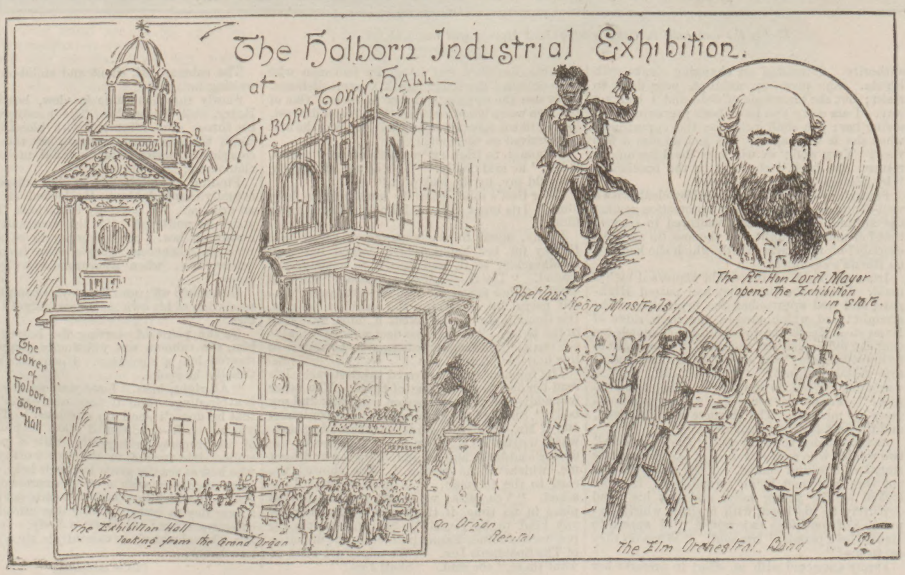
Laurie, who was sentenced to death for the murder of Mr. Rose in the Isle of Arran, has been reprieved, and his sentence commuted to penal servitude for life.

On Saturday there was an exciting scene at a wild beast show at Maryport. A negro was putting some wolves through their performance, when one of them attacked him savagely. The wolf, who had to be beaten off with an iron bar, bit the negro very seriously before it loosed its hold. The animal nearly escaped from the den when the keeper went out, and people fled from the place in a panic.

On the 27th ult. the Lord Mayor opened a grand Industrial Exhibition at the Holborn Townhall. During the following days Lord and Lady Compton and Mr. Harry Lawson, M.P., took part in the ceremonial. Military bands, grand concerts, organ recitals, and variety entertainments served to make the "industrial" feature more palatable to the numerous visitors. The Townhall was gaily decorated with bunting, flowers, and ferns. The Lord Mayor expressed his hope that the exhibition would be a useful incentive to healthy competition among the young people of the neighbourhood, and that it would bring out much latent talent.

The Working Lads' Institute in the Whitechapel-road celebrated its thirteenth anniversary on Tuesday evening last, when the Hon. T. A. Brassey distributed the prizes to the boys. A very valuable factor in the life of East London is this institute, with its gymnasium, reading-room, and classes of all kinds, to say nothing of workshops and other aids to technical instruction. The lads are veritable working lads of the neighbourhood, many of them brimful of intelligence and likely to become men of mark in the future. The highest credit is due to Mr. Henry Hill, the founder and hon. secretary, and to Mr. George Day, the manager, who is deservedly a favourite with the boys.





The Racing World

Manchester Racing Men.

Getting up steeplechase meetings is miserable, unsatisfactory work, with not so very much profit hanging to it under fairly favourable circumstances, and almost certain loss if only a little goes wrong. Manchester some time ago voted itself out of the general body of G.N.H. racing organisers. As I wrote a little while ago, Mr. Mark Price and the New Barns Committee look on weather troubles as men from Manchester, or Manchester men, do on ordinary difficulties—viz. as

Only Something to Beat.

If the Clerk of the Weather beats Manchester's Clerk of the Course it is only after a struggle, for the latter invariably "takes it fighting." He is the champion of a very big clientèle, for the Cotton City and its neighbours have very strong sporting tendencies. Among those who cater for racing men it is an accepted fact that there are three centres—London, Manchester, and Nottingham—which among them send out more customers than all the others put together. Yorkshire can boast a fine percentage of followers of thoroughbreds' doings among its big population, but can hardly compete with Lancashire. Your fine old-fashioned Mancunian is not the most pleasant chance acquaintance to the Southerner who does not understand his little ways. No doubt he is a good sort when you know him, but the preliminaries are frequently somewhat painful. The visitor who does Manchester for the first time on a race-day, and fancies that the London rule for governing pedestrian locomotion is in force everywhere, will have a bad spell. Our friends mean going to New Barns, and do not want to be obstructed.

Right Sides and Wrong Sides

are of no account with them. All roads lead to Rome or Salford; and, if other people are foolish or aggravating enough to try to proceed from Salford while the human tide sets the other way, the human tide makes matters very uncomfortable for these ill-advised folk. I should think that at Manchester's racecourse more people pay to witness the sport than at any other course in England.

Far More Pay at Liverpool

than one might suppose. The general idea is that the land on the far side of the track is free to the public. It used to be, but is now, to a great extent, enclosed. Great as are the receipts at Doncaster, Liverpool, and Epsom, and assuming that the gross receipts may be heavier, I doubt whether at any of them the contributors to the grand total are so many as at New Barns. As a rule, the fees paid at a gate-money meeting for admission to the ground, and not to an enclosure, will scarcely clear the wages of the firm's gate-keepers year in year out. At Manchester quite a nice revenue is collected from enthusiasts, who willingly part for the privilege of seeing the horses engaged at the meetings do their morning gallops. Those who take the trouble to get up early for the purpose of watching gees at exercise must be enthusiasts.

The Manchester Crowd is Very Enthusiastic.

Cricket and horse-racing thoroughly rouse them. At a guess, I should say that Old Trafford cricket-ground is a mile and a quarter from New Barns racecourse as the crow flies. It has been my lot to assist at racing while good cricket has been on at the Lancashire county cricket-ground, and to be at the latter when a Manchester Summer Cup has been decided. I have heard the cheering for the winner of the race as I sat in the club's pavilion, and once could tell the moment that a big match was over at Old Trafford,

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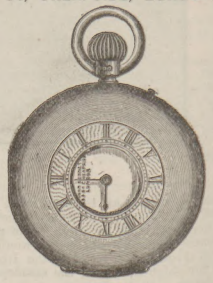

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though I was over the other side of inky Irwell, among the high-mettled racers.

An old friend of mine, a medical man, used to play Mrs. Bagnet to the Lignum Vitæ of Mr. Fred B. Chatterton, and express his sentiments for him after the fashion of that estimable lady and her husband the artilleryman. This medical gentleman, who happened also to be a dramatic critic, and, when not dramatically criticising, a very able writer on sporting subjects, once placed above F. B. C.'s signature the glib and awkward-to-traverse assertion that for theatrical managers Shakspere spelt ruin. Why I should think of my poor departed brother-craftsman as I walked Kempton Park course on Monday I should not like to try to explain. That I must have done so I knew by my unconsciously parodying his aphorism into

Frost Spells Failure.

In all seriousness it does, almost always, to managers of winter meetings, because frost means postponement, and postponement carries with it multiplication of expenses and reduction of custom. Each winter almost the question arises whether it would not be better to leave the weeks blank between the close of flat-racing and the beginning of February. Certainly we may get hard frosts in that month, but by then the sun's power is considerable, and growing. There is one thing: unless the ranks of timber-toppers, as hurdle-racers are called, and steeplechasers are shortly recruited, the business will die out of itself.

Each Year the Supply Lessens.

A correspondent at Buenos Ayres writes me that Ormonde was paraded on the racecourse just after Bolivar beat Annamite for the big stake of the season—the Premio Internacional, worth £4000 to the winner—and was cheered again and again by the South Americans, who are exceedingly proud at having so great a celebrity among them. If the Argentine districts are as favourable for breeding thoroughbred stock as its admirers declare it is, we may yet regret selling the natives so many good horses. So far they have left their money here. What if they send drafts of racers here to

Clear the Board

of our rich prizes? While they are ready enough to import our horses, they do not seem at all keen after our trainers or jockeys. Let us hope that the day is not near at hand when the Hanlan-Trickett and O'Connor-Beach contests may be repeated in a fashion among the thoroughbred racers, and representatives of Australia and South America fight on English soil for our highest honours, while the Old Country's best are quite out of it.

Poor old Jem Dover's funeral took place at Ilsley on Saturday. On the same day, at Cheveley, one of the prettiest of the many villages near Newmarket, was laid to rest Mrs. McCalmont, wife of the popular officer, who of late has trained with Jewitt. Recently death has been dreadfully busy among those connected with the Turf.

The Royal Commissions do Good

in encouraging horse-breeding. Most of us think that the money allotted to prizes for thoroughbred stallions would have gone further and helped racing more if donated in the old way in Queen's Plates. In theory, all the rules and regulations are well enough: in practice, they lead to all manner of wrangling and inequitable decisions.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Nothing could be more eloquent of the popularity of athletics than the fact of as many as twenty-eight clubs entering as competitors in the race which was the principal event of the meeting held on Saturday last at Tufnell Park by that remarkable paper-chasing club, the

Spartan Harriers.

I call the Spartan Harriers a remarkable club because, after a notable career as one of the pioneer hare-and-hounds clubs of England, it dropped out of sight, if not, to all intents and purposes, out of existence altogether. Suddenly a revival takes place, and in the present year of grace we find the club so athletically pre-eminent as to be

Southern Counties Champions

across country, and so energetic as to hold no fewer than three autumn meetings, the third being, of course, that of Saturday.

The principal event referred to was a five-miles inter-club race, for junior clubs only. For this a twenty-guinea challenge-cup had been provided, and the right to take it into permanent custody will devolve upon the club making the best show in a series of seven races, that of Saturday being the first of these. The three men of each club first past the post count, their positions being added, and the lowest total of course winning. R. Anderson, of the Twickenham Harriers, was first man in; but the

Cavendish Harriers,

by scoring fifth, sixth, and ninth places, and totalling twenty, won. The Southwark Harriers' representatives finished fourth, eighth, and eighteenth, totalling thirty, which gave them second place, Twickenham coming third, in spite of Anderson scoring one point only.

The other open event, a three-miles handicap, also went to the credit of the Cavendish Harriers, G. A. Collins, of that club, with 320 yards start from J. Swait (Spartan Harriers), winning in a shade faster than 15 min. 10 sec. A mile match between H. Looman and F. G. Jackson, both of the Finchley Harriers, was won by Looman by two or three yards only in 4 min. 55 sec.

No very lengthy programme can be carried out at this time of the year, but the meeting was important because of the encouragement given to young athletes and of the signs of the appreciation of such encouragement.

Very great interest centred in the principal metropolitan football-matches, both Rugby and Association. The Rugby match was between

Richmond and Blackheath,

those old, old opponents. The form so far displayed by the rivals pointed unmistakably to the victory of Blackheath; but the element of "glorious uncertainty," of which so much is said in connection with cricket, is not unknown at football, and, so far from Blackheath gaining the anticipated easy victory, they did not win at all, Richmond beating them by a try to nothing. Blackheath played a disjointed game, which took far too much of the play out of the able hands of their three-quarter-backs, Stoddart, G. C. Hubbard, and P. Christopherson, all three International team men. Richmond played in the most determined fashion, and on three or four occasions were extremely dangerous. Nothing was scored to within so brief a period of "no side" that a bloodless draw seemed probable, but, with five minutes more time to play,

Gould Just Got Over

the line, with a man hanging on to him. This decided the match, and Richmond are now able to look back upon their defeat by the Harlequins with greater equanimity. They will be greatly assisted in this philosophic proceeding by the contemplation of the success of the Harlequins over Oxford University of a goal and a try to a try—four points to one. Great were the lamentations and ingenious the excuses at Oxford when Blackheath, three weeks ago, bent them by a goal to nothing. What will now be said of the greater calamity of this more recent disaster? It must not be forgotten that the Oxford try was made

Behind the Posts,

and that, nevertheless, the place kick was a failure.

The Association match was that between London and a combined eleven of Oxford and Cambridge, played at the Queen's Club, and ending in a draw, each side scoring two goals. Contrary to expectations, London showed superior play in the field, but the Oxford goal-keeper, L. R. Wilkinson, was magnificent, and saved many goals. This match came perilously near being spoilt by being started so late, the finish taking place in semi-darkness.

Beside these matches there was that in which the London Scottish defeated Cambridge University by a goal and a try to nothing. Here, again, we have a marked instance of the

"Glorious Uncertainty,"

for Blackheath beat London Scottish with very great ease; but Cambridge defeated Blackheath a fortnight ago.

Of course the

Football League

clubs were busy, and Accrington created a surprise by beating Aston Villa by four goals to two. Blackburn Rovers beat West Bromwich Albion by as many as five goals to none, which score was scarcely anticipated. Preston North End and Bolton Wanderers both scored easy victories. Preston North End and Everton have each played thirteen matches, but North End have 20 points and Everton 17 only. Altogether, I doubt if we shall this season have a week of football so full of interest.

Mr. G. L. M. Sacks,

of the Manhattan A.C., New York, who is well known to English athletes and Continental skaters as a kind of amateur impresario, runners and skaters being taken about the world by him at his own expense, is lying dangerously ill, and at one time there was little hope of his recovery. He is, however, a trifle better.

Speaking of America, I am reminded that a searching *exposé* is being made by Mr. W. Ford in *Turf, Field, and Farm*, and also in the Chicago *Referee*, of the American amateur sprint records. It has always been a matter of surprise with Englishmen how so many American sprinters managed to run

100 Yards in 10 Seconds,

while our own men, with one exception, Wharton, invariably failed. Many ingenious hypotheses were advanced to account for the phenomenon, climate, of course, coming in for a large share of attention, but Mr. Ford explains the matter very easily by showing that the runners simply

Cheated the Pistol.

As watches are started by the flash of the pistol, it follows that, if a man is already under way when the pistol is fired, he will make apparently faster time than he would if he did not move before the explosion. The Chicago *Referee* goes so far as to deliberately accuse one particular starter of acting in collusion with a certain runner; in plain English, swindling the other competitors and assisting in the establishment of a false record.

Another American chimera seems to be in a fair way of being exploded. It is that the American climate is inimical to distance running. The example of Sidney Thomas was thought to be conclusive on the point, as he failed to run up to his English form. Now, however, that he is becoming a little more acclimatised, and the depressing autumn heat is past, he is gradually doing himself justice, and he is reputed to have just run fifteen miles in 1 hour 27 min. 11 sec., covering 10 miles 1118 yards in the hour. Of course, neither of these performances is equal to what he can do at his best, but I am confident that, as time wears on, he will disprove the climate theory.

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To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

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To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

CONSTIPATION:

HOW IT MAY BE REMEDIED.

A FREE TEST.

Constipation may arise as a consequence of a sedentary occupation in life; from want of proper physical exercise out of working hours; as a consequence of the presence of some other disease; from inaction or sluggishness of the liver; or as the result of injudicious diet. Perhaps, however, the most frequent cause is the resistance offered to the calls of Nature from circumstances which prevent obedience at the proper time. The putting off until a more convenient season of an absolutely necessary function usually results in the fact that when the convenient period has arrived the desire has passed away. So are the seeds of Constipation sown.

The Constipation being thus established, recourse is then too frequently had to harsh purgative pills, which, because of their obvious powerful action, defy any delay to a more convenient season. By such means as this, Constipation, that by proper treatment would be but temporary, becomes chronic, as a consequence of the reaction following the use of drastic pills. And the harm does not end here. Purgatives destroy the mucous coats of the stomach and bowels, and expose the tender surfaces beneath them to the consequent friction and irritation of harsh masses, by which ulceration, tumours, internal hemorrhages, and other evils are induced. Cancers and tumours in the stomach or bowels are often set up from no other cause than the foregoing.

Another great hurt caused is a congestion of impure venous blood, creating bleeding piles; or a decomposition of blood takes place, causing small tumours, exquisitely sensitive to pain, known as blind piles. These, moreover, are frequently accompanied, after what should properly be a natural and easy function, with an occasional decrepit sensation of weakness, which, while it lasts, is simply horrible from its deathly faintness.

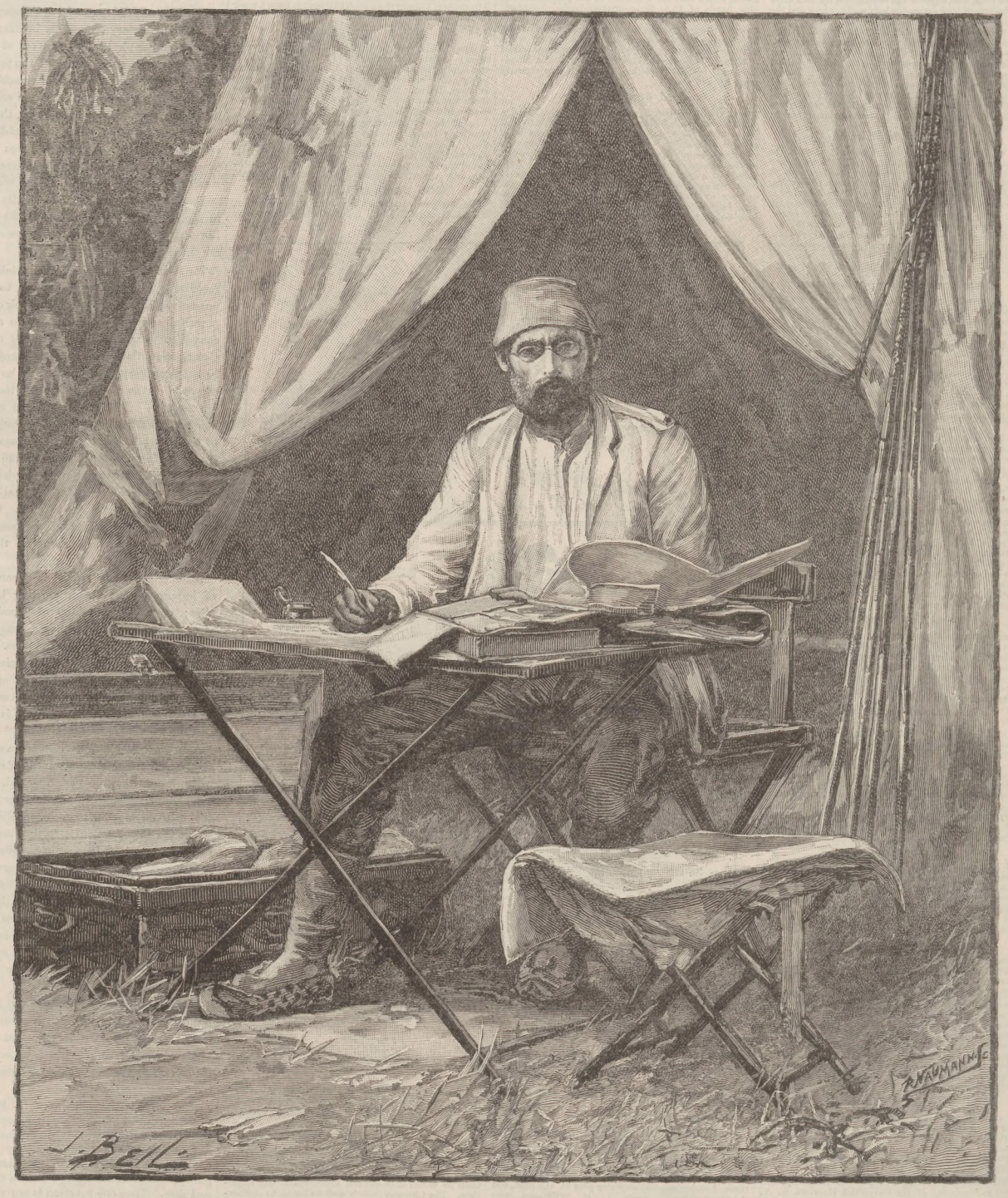
As a remedy for Constipation we strongly recommend "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," which, while they do positive good, not too quickly nor violently in the manner desired, yet can do no hurt in other directions. When the Constipation is further intensified by the presence of hemorrhoids (piles), then it is impossible too highly to overrate the merits of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for they relieve the congestion of the blood at the affected parts, and neutralise or dissolve the poisonous elements which have been formed, and, as a logical sequence, their use for Constipation never induces hemorrhoids.

In like manner they benefit the liver by purifying the blood and forcing out of the body through the skin impurities and decayed waste products, which would otherwise be thrown on to the liver, thus clogging it and rendering its action sluggish.

The beneficent efficacy of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is thus not confined to their curative effect on Constipation alone, but extends much further. They may be defined as a gentle laxative, with undeniable purifying and curative properties on the blood and skin. Thus one function is not remedied at the expense of another, but rather the whole sytem is benefited, while the desired specific effect is attained. In smaller doses "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are as suitable and harmless for children as they are for adults of either sex, and children like them because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance. They can do no harm to the weakest or most delicate constitutions. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, who will send

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE

to those who, not having seen the Tablets, will write for them. Name the "Penny Illustrated Paper."—[Advt.]



EMIN PASHA, THE LATE GENERAL GORDON'S LIEUTENANT, RESCUED BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

WHAT engrossing stories Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha, rescuer and rescued, will have to tell when they come to publish in full the moving narratives of their adventures in the heart of Africa! We summarised last week the interesting accounts first furnished by Mr. Stanley of the virtual success of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. They were to the effect that General Gordon's valiant Lieutenant had been rescued from his embarrassing position, and had been escorted by the intrepid Stanley to within a safe and easy journey to the East African sea-coast.

* * * * *

We may repeat that the right name of Emin Pasha is Dr. Eduard Schmtzer, a native of the Prussian province of Silesia, born at Oppeln in 1840. He was educated at Berlin for the medical profession, which he practised in Turkey. From 1876, serving the Egyptian Government, he was attached to the staff of General Gordon in the Soudan, finally, after Gordon's death at Khartoum, left in command of the remaining garrison at Wadelai, on the White Nile, near Lake Albert Nyanza.

* * * * *

Wadelai, with the whole region of the Upper Nile and all the populous territories north of the Lakes, is now abandoned to the fanatical Mohammedan leaders following the Mahdi's standard, as the garrison refused any longer to obey Emin Pasha; and it was with difficulty that Mr. Mounteney Jephson, whom Mr. Stanley had deputed to arrange for Emin Pasha's departure, after their meeting, in April 1888, on the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, was able to get him away. The Expedition, which ascended the river Congo in steam-boats, had from Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, north of the Stanley Falls, marched westward through an utterly unknown forest region, enduring severe privations and fatigues, to the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza.

* * * * *

Geographical discoveries of great interest have been made by Mr. Stanley to the south-west of that lake, including those of a lofty range of snowy mountains, called the Ruwenzori, and an important river, the Semliki, which is probably the true source of the White Nile; besides which he has ascertained that the other great Equatorial lake, the Victoria Nyanza, is very much larger than was supposed.

* * * * *

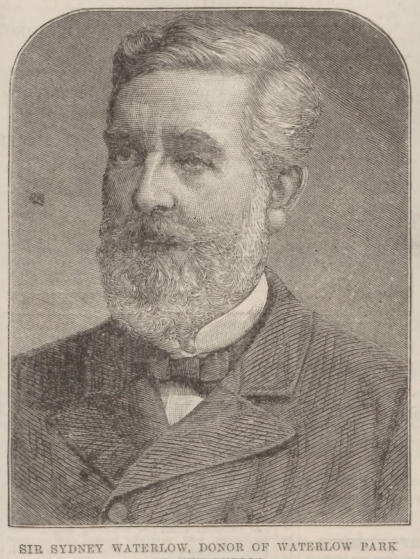
Mr. Stanley, with Emin Pasha and the other people from Wadelai under his protection, set forth on April 10 from Kavallis, Lake Albert Nyanza, traversed the Unyoro country to Lake Victoria Nyanza, round that lake, and in the first week of August was at Karagwé, a well-known Missionary Station, on its southern shore, whence he has travelled south-east through the Usukuma and Unyamwezi countries on his way to the coast. It is expected that he will soon be at Zanzibar, and he will probably visit Mombasa, the headquarters of the British East African Company's territory, before his return to England.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, AND WATERLOW PARK.

SEEING that the beautifully wooded estate Sir Sydney Waterlow has nobly presented to the public as a recreation-ground is situated on the far-famed Highgate-hill, whence Bow bells drew Whittington, according to the nursery fable, back to London and to fortune, Whittington Park would have been a suitable name for the new North London Pleasaunce. But Sir Sydney Waterlow, himself a distinguished Lord Mayor in his time, richly merited to have his name perpetuated. Quite justly, then, has Fairseat been renamed

Waterlow Park.

Lord Rosebery's hearty and prompt recognition of the munificence of this magnificent gift has been echoed far and wide. Naturally, the London County Council and its public-spirited President accepted Sir Sydney Waterlow's splendid donation, and promise of £6000 to purchase the freehold of some three acres of land adjacent, with great pleasure. This beautiful pleasure-ground stands near the summit of Highgate-hill, one mile from the well-known Archway Tavern in Upper Holloway—with the cable tramway to ascend the hill—and just the same distance from the foot of Highgate-rise, at the corner of Swain's-lane, by the Duke of St. Albans, in the western road to Highgate from Kentish Town.



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, DONOR OF WATERLOW PARK TO THE PUBLIC.

The entrance to Fairseat, the house formerly inhabited by Sir Sydney Waterlow, is at the top of the hill, in the High-street of Highgate, above Lauderdale House, the grounds of which are comprised in those of Fairseat. The twenty-nine acres of land henceforth to be freely open for the recreation of the people combine all that such an estate can present of natural beauty in the vicinity of London. The land slopes down from the top of Highgate-hill. From its turfy undulations one can look right over the top of the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral, and in bright weather can see the glitter of the Crystal Palace. Halfway down the slope is an old sundial, overgrown with moss, on whose top is recorded the fact that this stone is on a level with the top of St. Paul's. An extensive view is thus among the delights of this new public acquisition. The grounds are beautifully wooded with oaks, cedars, chestnuts, and beeches, and other fine timber trees, rising out of thickets of all sorts of shrubs—laurel and box, holly and rhododendron. The undulating character of the ground adds to its beauty, and it has two lakes, one above the other, though the upper one is very small. These form a very pretty feature of the ground.

* * * * *

There is one portion of the estate which will probably necessitate a general reconstruction. This is the extensive kitchen-garden, flanked by an old red-bricked wall—crumbled and mossy, and shored up with enormous buttresses of the same material, capped with ivy. It forms one of the boundaries of the pleasaunce, in the midst of which stands the house formerly the residence of the Earl of Lauderdale, known as Lauderdale House. This old house, which belonged to one of the worst Ministers of the "Cabal" in the reign of Charles II., was the abode of Nell Gwyn, the notorious mistress of that profligate King. Along the front of it runs a broad terrace. Its associations are not altogether such as are calculated to evoke much concern for its preservation, though it is interesting to know that it was confiscated at the time of the Civil War, and thus stands as a memento of that time of trouble.

* * * *

Cromwell House faces it on the other side of Highgate-hill; and below Lauderdale House has just arisen the fine new Catholic church, attached to St. Joseph's Retreat, looking down upon the new park, with rather a good effect. It is on this side that the large kitchen-garden and an extensive series of greenhouses lie. A secluded narrow path leads up through thickets and shrubs, beneath some fine trees, to a flight of steps leading to the terrace of Lauderdale House. In front of these steps is a small fountain, and higher up the hill are shady walks leading up by rustic steps through a thickly wooded park, beyond which one comes to velvet lawns and spreading cedar-trees immediately in front of the windows of Fairseat House, in which Sir Sydney Waterlow lived for many years.

Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow

is one of the best contemporary examples of great men of business acquiring wealth and social influence by their own ability and industry, and then exercising the same mental faculties, besides his pecuniary liberality, in different public services and undertakings for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He was born a Londoner on Nov. 1, 1822, son of Mr. James Waterlow, and was educated at St. Saviour's School, Southwark, under the Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, an eminent classical scholar. Being at the head of the school when he left it, at the age of fourteen, he was well advanced in Latin and Greek, and had even some knowledge of Hebrew.

* * * * *

He was then apprenticed to a Government printer, with whom he served seven years, and when that term expired went to Paris, where he worked some time in the well-known office of *Galignani's Messenger*, acquiring a familiar knowledge of French and other foreign languages. In 1844 he joined his father and brothers in the firm of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, printers and wholesale stationers, London-wall, which has steadily grown to large proportions. Mr. Sydney Waterlow soon became a man of rising position in the City, and in 1855 was elected a member of the Common Council for the Ward of Broad-street. As one of the Police Committee of the Corporation, he was the first to devise a system of police electric telegraphs, the wires of which, by his contrivance, were stretched over the roofs of the houses, attached only to the church-steeples, so that they were beyond the reach of interference. For this service, in 1861, Councillor Waterlow had a special vote of thanks from the Corporation.

* * * * *

In February 1863 he was elected Alderman of the Ward of Langbourne. In the same year he formed the "Improved Industrial Dwellings Company," which has, by the judicious expenditure of a capital of one million sterling, contributed equally with the Peabody Trustees, and the efforts of Lady Burdett Coutts, and of earlier and later building associations for similar purposes, to solve the problem of erecting convenient, cheap, and comfortable habitations, or sets of rooms, for the working-classes. The first block of these on Alderman Waterlow's plan, which has marked architectural and domestic advantages, was built at his own cost, in Finsbury, comprising eighty tenements. It was a successful experiment, yielding a fair return for the expenditure, and not only has the Company (Limited Liability), with Sir Sydney Waterlow as Chairman during twenty-five years, carried on its operations, providing healthy and commodious dwellings for 30,000 of the working class, at rents below what are paid for common unfurnished apartments, but the Corporation of London has been induced to imitate its example. In 1866 Alderman Waterlow was chosen to fill the office of Sheriff, and at the expiration of his year of office the Queen conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood; in announcing which the Prime Minister, the late Earl of Derby, spoke with high praise of his practical philanthropic efforts already described.

* * * *

Sir Sydney Waterlow entered Parliament at the General Election of 1868 as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, being elected for the county of Dumfries by a majority of forty-four against the nominee of the Duke of Buccleuch, but lost his seat in the following year. In November 1872 Sir Sydney Waterlow was elected Lord Mayor of London, and presided with much grace and dignity over the Corporation, performing all his official duties in a manner that showed not loss judgment and discretion than concern for the public welfare.

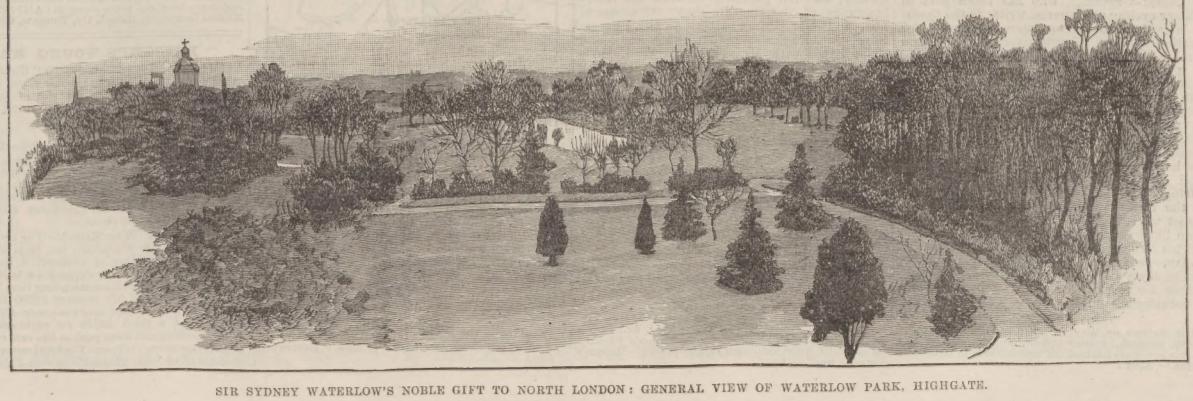
At the General Election of 1874, Sir Sydney Waterlow re-entered Parliament as M.P. for Maidstone, being the colleague of Sir John Lubbock, and sat for that borough till 1880, when, having lost that seat, he was returned for Gravesend. In his Parliamentary career down to 1885, when he unsuccessfully contested the Medway Division of Kent, Sir Sydney was a steadfast Liberal. This record of Sir Sydney Waterlow's public career does not mention nearly all that he has had to do. He is the considerate managing director of the company of Waterlow and Sons (Limited), with several great manufacturing and commercial establishments. Sir Sydney, whose town residence is at 29, Chesham-place, and his country seat at Trosley Towers, Wrotham, Kent, has twice married, his first wife being a daughter of the late Mr. William Hickson of Fairseat, Wrotham; his second, an American lady, who was a Miss Hamilton. Four sons are associated with him in business as directors of "Waterlow and Sons, Limited." The Portrait of Sir Sydney Waterlow is copied from a photograph by Mr. Walery, published in the monthly part of *Our Celebrities* for July 1889, by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

BOAT-HOUSE: WATERLOW PARK.

ARTICLE BY MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE contributes an article to the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "Electoral Facts of To-Day." The first period—namely, that between the last General Election and July 1, 1887—was reviewed in a former article, and aimed to show an improvement for the Liberals of 2497 votes. The second period, down to the present date, yielded an improvement of 15,946, as compared with polls in some constituencies in 1886. Taking this roundly as a gain of 16,000, Mr. Gladstone, by a rule of proportion, makes the entire probable gain at the next General Election 154,000. Comparing this with the results of 1886, when there was an excess of 75,000 for his opponents, he proceeds to demonstrate that the probable majority for Home Rule upon an immediate General Election would be 116 members. He then makes a comparison with 1885, and admits that in forty-two bye-elections there has been a net Liberal loss of 3851 votes, which, however, is practically represented by the difference in the poll for Central Birmingham. From this comparison he deduces that the Liberal majority at the next General Election should be 109 members.

Mr. Wilson Barrett delivered an address on Nov. 26 before the New York Academy of Anthropology, on "The Dramatic Instinct and the Profession of the Actor." There was a great crowd. The lecture was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Barrett's many friends at home will be glad to hear that he gained his point against the American Custom House, and that his dramatic progress in Boston and New York has been successful.



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW'S NOBLE GIFT TO NORTH LONDON: GENERAL VIEW OF WATERLOW PARK, HIGHGATE.

CYCLE & CAMERA

THE first active step has been taken towards the realisation of the

Cycling Club House

scheme. A meeting was held to consider it last week at Anderton's Hotel, but it was not as well attended as it should have been. The only practical result of the meeting was the formation of a large committee, the members of which are to go to work at once to talk over the feasibility of such a scheme. It is a pity a greater number of really prominent cyclists were not appointed to this task. Save Colonel Savile, Mr. Phillips, the patent agent, Mr. Harry J. Swindley, of the *Cyclist*, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Major Knox-Holmes, and Mr. W. M'Candlish, of *Wheeling*, few men who take a broad interest in cycling are on the committee. The others named are principally racing men, such as Mayes, C. A. Smith, and Sisley, of the Catford C.C.

The idea is to begin with a reasonably sized house somewhere near the heart of London, and, as the club prospers, either enlarge the premises or, more probably, carry out Mr. Harvey's original idea and build a house. Of course all the details in the working out of the scheme are left to the committee, who have an enormous undertaking before them, which it is to be hoped they will be able to carry through.

As to the social objection to which I alluded last week, there is not much doubt that the man who will be approved of by the Election Committee, and who will pay his admission fee and subscription, will be admissible. The social question certainly does not come up in large political or social clubs, where there would be as much reason for it as in a cycling organisation. The only requisite is that a man should be able to pay his fees and conduct himself like a gentleman. A member of a club, no matter of what nature, is not expected to associate with all the other members unless he wants to.

Just now cycling, except on the social side, is at a standstill, though some of the indefatigable riders of the Bath Road clubs are at all times to be found on the road, and some brave hearts may have reached Ditton, or even Ripley, on Sunday (I did not). And so this is the very season when the want of such a club, with a house where cyclists could meet together, is most felt. There was much talk at Anderton's about the American and Continental club-houses, and it was realised that it was not because English cyclists could not do as well, but simply because heretofore they have never turned their attention to this side of cycling that in this respect they are so behindhand. Now that they have, however, they will show other nations what a cycling club house ought to be.

The annual election of officers in the C.T.C. will be held shortly. It is to be hoped that all who belong to the party of progress will be re-elected, and that their numbers, indeed, will be strengthened. Much good work has been of late started in the club, and it would be a shame if the men who began it were not allowed to carry it on.

The usual December N.C.U. meeting has been for some unknown reason indefinitely postponed. It would be a good thing if in that organisation also the Radicals were in the ascendency.

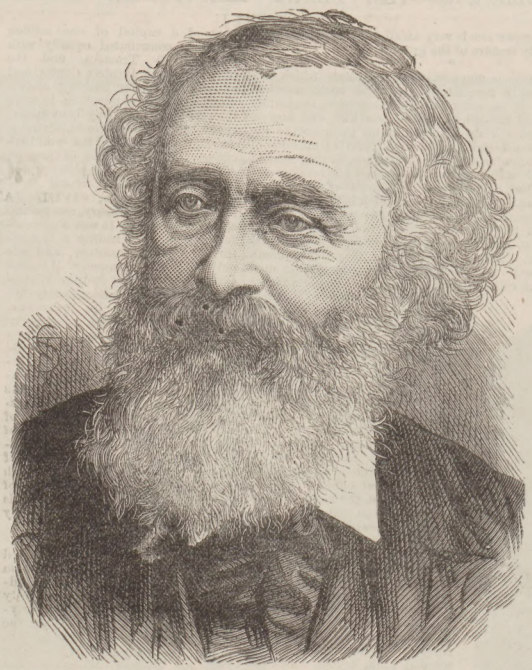
The discussion about anti-vibration in *Bicycling News* still goes on, and so far the "Whippet" seems to have the best of it. I mean to have a trial on one of these machines myself, and, now that the roads are so hard or muddy, it is the best season to give it a test.

Apparently the cycling papers do not get about so much among makers as the editors and publishers would like to have us believe. One maker even writes to ask me when the Stanley Show is to be held. I might as well answer here: from Jan. 24 to Feb. 1, inclusive, and all particulars can be obtained of the Secretary, J. Dring, 57, Chancery-lane, and it is most important for makers to note that all entries for exhibition close on Dec. 22.

I see that Colonel Savile has asked *Wheeling* "to correct a writer in a contemporary, who credits him with being a member of the London T.C. The Colonel is not a member of that club." I am afraid I am the "writer" referred to. I regret having made the mistake, but I was given to understand that he did belong to this, the oldest tricycle club in London.

"Colour-Sergeant," who has taken part in military cycling manœuvres, writes to the *Cyclist* his objections to the formation of squares for resisting cavalry. They are very practical, and of value as they come from a man of experience. He points out the difficulty of turning up a machine, since, unless a level spot is found for both saddle and handle-bar, "over goes the show," the almost impossibility of the man "at the resist" spinning his wheel without indeed bringing it over on himself, and the extreme probability, if not certainty, that horses which can be trained to face the flash of fire and the fixed bayonet can also be drilled to face a revolving wheel. His conclusion is likewise sensible. At the moment of attack he thinks that "a cyclist will be of more service to his cause, and more likely to save his machine too, by giving all his attention at such a moment to the enemy, rather than to balancing his machine upside down and spinning the wheel." In preparing for cavalry, let cyclists proceed exactly as ordinary infantry. N.C.U.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]



THE LATE MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

MARTIN TUPPER.

THE death of Mr. Martin Tupper cannot exactly be said to eclipse the gaiety of nations; and yet, if popularity were any test of worth, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," who died on the 29th ult. in his eightieth year, would be counted among the greatest of the World's poets. He was the son of a distinguished medical man, who three times refused a baronetcy, and was born at Marylebone in July 1810. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Christ Church College, Oxford, where, in addition to his M.A., he took the degree of D.C.L. At Christ Church he beat Mr. Gladstone in a competition for the Burton prize with an essay upon "The Reconciliation of Matthew and John." Mr. Gladstone stood second, and, when Mr. Tupper received the £25 worth of books of which the prize consisted, Dr. Burton asked him "to allow Mr. Gladstone to have £5 worth of them, as he was so good a second."

Mr. Tupper was intended for the Church, but was prevented from taking orders by his infirmity of stammering—an infirmity of which in later life he got the better. He then went to the Bar, but never practised, beyond drawing a will and a marriage settlement, for which he received fifty guineas. It was in 1832 that Mr. Tupper published his first poems, and in 1839 he issued the first series of the "Proverbial Philosophy." The book may be said to have taken the world by storm. It sold in thousands in this country and in hundreds of thousands in the United States. It passed through fifty editions, and its author was frequently mentioned as a rival to Tennyson. John Tenniel, Birket Foster, and Sir John Gilbert were among the artists who combined to illustrate its majestic thoughts. And yet there are not twenty lines of genuine poetry in the whole book. The greater part of it was essentially commonplace, and it appealed very potently to people whose own lives were far from being replete with great ideas and noble ideals. But for more than twenty years people have ceased to read the "Proverbial Philosophy." Tupper himself, a good-looking man, very vain and very egotistical, had almost passed out of public notice, when his last book, "My Life as an Author," appeared in 1886. "What do you think of Tupper in England?" Thackeray was asked in the United States. "We don't think of Tupper" was the reply. But we did, nevertheless; and the poetaster tells in his Autobiography of the Queen's many attentions to him, and how Prince Albert at the Princess Royal's wedding called out, "Wales, come and shake hands with Mr. Tupper." Well, he is dead, and we can afford to remember that the present generation, which laughs at his verse, perhaps reads bad fiction instead of bad poetry, and has not really grown much wiser.

Tennyson's New Volume of Poems is promised for Dec. 13.

Lieutenant-General Cameron, C.B., will distribute the prizes of the 5th (West) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers on Friday, Dec. 13, at the Portman Rooms. The distribution will be followed by a ball.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. S.—If your wife has gone away from you without any misconduct or neglect on your part, and has committed adultery, you can refuse to provide for her.

A CONSTANT READER.—In the case to which you refer the mother should keep the child, unless the Court orders it to be delivered up, and if proper evidence were produced the Court is not likely to do so.

A. F. C.—The husband of a married woman can only be responsible up to the extent of the property (if any) he has received from her. The sons cannot be sued for this debt.

ANXIOUS.—A man and woman cannot make a joint will.

PERPLEXED.—Unless there is a prescriptive right to the branches hanging over the field for twenty years or upwards, in the way complained of, sue the farmer in the County Court for any actual damage, unless upon written request the trees are lopped.

W. S. N.—You should pay off the principal. Get a fresh mortgage if necessary. LEX.

GENERAL BOOTH

last week afforded a fresh proof of the great hold he has on the multitude who have joined the ranks of the Salvation Army. The remarkably energetic originator and chief of the Salvation Army had a special Prayer-meeting for some days in Exeter Hall. The large hall was

crammed, and the religious movement was doubtless materially aided by the sums collected. There can be no question that General and Mrs. Booth and their followers strenuously strive their utmost to mitigate distress in poor districts by feeding the hungry and comforting the stricken. For the good they are undoubtedly doing in this direction—i.e. for steadfastly practising the Christian Charity too many merely preach—they certainly merit public support.

We regret to hear that at an early hour on Tuesday morning the Salvation Army headquarters in Queen Victoria-street were partially destroyed by fire

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM. British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24,110.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
is a Marvel of Cheapness.
THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.
THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party?
Then procure one of

CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS.

NEW MODELS FOR SEASON 1889-90.

CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

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NEW GRAND MODELS.

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OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.

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OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
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"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.

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NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and as a musical instrument for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 14s. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballines, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN."

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGED PRICE-LIST for Season 1889-90, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

BRIDGET'S YOUNG MAN.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (shivering): "Has the fire gone out, Bridget?" Bridget: "I think not, Mum. I've been at the garden-gate all the evening with a gentleman friend of mine, an' it didn't go by me, Mum, I'm sure."

Fortune for a Leeds Omnibus-Driver.—A Leeds omnibus driver has received news of a windfall of £7000. The recipient is George Chapman, a twenty-seven years of age, who lives near Roundhay-road, and his benefactor is a man he has not seen for several years—an elderly gentleman with whom he used to have friendly chats.

How a King Was Killed.—The crowning of a King is an expensive affair, but from the doctors' bills of the late King of Portugal it would appear that his dying is just as expensive a business. The first among the physicians attending Dom Luis during the last days of his life received £6000 for eighteen consultations; another medicine man £3000 for ten visits; and a third £3750 for eighteen. Several other Æsculapians were paid at the rate of from £50 to £250 for every visit, and the total amount paid for medical attendance amounted to over £15,000.

2/6 HANDSOME AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS. 2/6

40,000 WATCHES WERE GIVEN AWAY IN 1888.

50,000 MORE TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Messrs. GRAHAM and CO., the Eminent London Jewellers and Sole Inventors and Manufacturers of the Celebrated

CARBON DIAMOND AND EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY,

Intend to present to each Purchaser of one of their Egyptian Gold Chains A BEAUTIFUL WATCH, as shown in the Engraving.

These magnificent Chains are manufactured in the most fashionable and costly patterns, to suit ladies and gentlemen, and may be worn without the slightest fear of detection, as they positively equal in appearance and wear GOLD CHAINS COSTING £20 EACH. This is a bona-fide offer, and we challenge the trade in the sum of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS to supply anything to equal this at the above price.

HOW IS IT DONE? The answer is very simple. We calculate that when we have sold 10,000 Chains, we have made 10,000 customers, who will keep our Catalogues by them, and will have all their Jewellery at our Establishment. In proof of this fact we quote figures. We beg to inform our Readers that we have already sold over 40,000 CHAINS since January last, and have also presented our customers with OVER 40,000 WATCHES, and the result is that we have made 150,000 friends: for our goods have been shown about, and consequently we have received thousands of repeat orders daily, and the numerous flattering testimonials that are constantly coming in from delighted purchasers has determined us to present another 50,000 WATCHES, as stated above, to all who purchase one of our beautiful Chains. These Chains can be had in Fetter, Prince of Wales, and other patterns.

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

Ladies' Mixed Stone Dress Ring.
Consisting of Pearls, Rubies, and Turquoise. Cannot be equalled at four times the price charged.
Post-free, 2s.

Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our speciality); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.

Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved. With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 20s.; detection defied.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Read what the Public say.

"Waterloo-place, Wick, Nov. 11, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—Received goods safely, and am very pleased with them. Please send Wedding and Dress Rings. 2s. 6d. enclosed.—Yours truly, D. BAIN."

"Dec. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—The things to hand this morning. I consider them to be better than what you state: I am fully satisfied and delighted.—Yours truly, J. T. A., Wood-green."

The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones. Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined.
Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Read what the Public say.

"Dec. 15, 1887.

"Sirs,—I received the Ring safely, and am very pleased with it indeed, especially with the brilliancy of the diamond, which sparkles quite as good as the real article.—Yours truly, A. NEWMAN, Station-square, Harrogate."

"Dec. 19, 1887.

Dear Sirs,—I am very much pleased with goods sent and can well recommend them to the public.—H. NIXON, 162, Hemstead-road, Handsworth."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred. Send for our New Handsomely Illustrated Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, post-free. Address—

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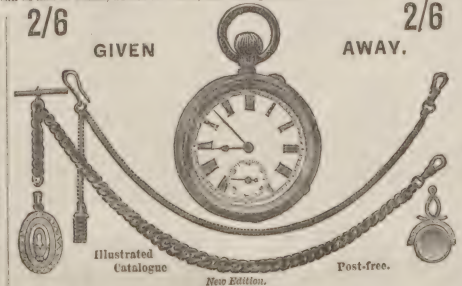

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"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEDDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"3, Almshouses, Denham, Dec. 12, 1888.—Sirs,—With great pleasure I received your Watch and Chain. I thank you very much; they are really very beautiful.—Yours obediently, MRS. MARSDEN."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

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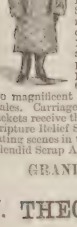

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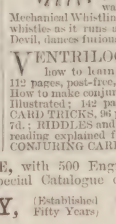

grows to an enormous size, shrivels up to almost nothing, cries, yells, coos, is good, bad, or indifferent as desired. Post-free 1s. 2d., three for 2s. 6d. Rag Dolls.—The best-dressed Rag Doll in England, 13in. high, free 1s. 4½d., best quality only.

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CARDS FOR THIS SEASON.

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The No. 2 2s. 6d. Packet comprises 36 all Large Cards: 6 Sixpenny Cards, 6 Twopenny Cards, 12 Threepenny Cards, and 12 Twopenny Cards, all of superb quality.

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The No. 4 1s. 3d Packet, 12 all Large Good Cards: 1 Sixpenny Card, 3 Fourpenny Cards, 4 Threepenny Cards, and 5 Twopenny Cards.

Packets of Large Envelopes, assorted sizes, 8d. and 1s. 3d. To every purchaser of Two 2s. 6d. Packets we give, gratis, a Beautiful Crocodile Leatherette Writing-Case, containing blotter, and compartments for notepaper, envelopes, and cards, lettered in silver.

REVOLVERS.—VERY SPECIAL.—In these days, when there are so many burglaries with violence, it becomes a duty of every householder to provide adequate means of defence should he be molested. Every Revolver that we sell is guaranteed, and bears the proof stamp of having been officially tested. When this is taken into consideration, the absurd prices at which we sell these warranted instruments become more apparent. We know houses which get double the prices for Revolvers we are asking, and yet are considered cheap. We offer, while our stock lasts,

THE CELEBRATED BULLDOG REVOLVERS.

These stand pre-eminent as the best and most powerful Revolvers extant. They measure six inches long, have five chambers, are self-cocking, beautifully nickel-plated all over, with carved handle. Taking 450 central-fire cartridges. Price only 12s. 6d.; free, 13s. These Revolvers would be a bargain even at 25s. No one could wish for a more powerful weapon. We sell them to bushmen and travellers, so their worth can be judged. Cartridges for these, 4s. per 50; 7s. 6d. per 100.

THE RENOWNED ACME REVOLVER,

which is 6½ in. long, having six chambers, self-cocking, bright steel barrel, and walnut stock, taking 7 mm. pin-fire cartridges. Price only 6s. 6d., carriage free 6s. 9d.; or, the same Revolver, with barrel and chambers beautifully nickel-silvered, and a carved handle, very superior, 8s.; free, 8s. 3d. Cartridges for the above Revolvers, 50 for 2s. 6d. or 100 for 4s. 6d.

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BIJOU MAGIC LANTERNS

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THE SALE INCREASES EVERY YEAR. NOTHING BETTER FOR A PRESENT.

These carry the palm over all others. Each set is packed in a japanned tin travelling case. The Lanterns and all of the Slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere. No. 1 Set comprises japanned tin case

containing a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, parallin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 60 really Comic Figures on 12 long Slides, 3 complete Nursery Tales, each tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 moving Lever Slides, 2 moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night" Slide, 1 "Welcome," 1 Curtain, 1 Queen, 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Firework Slides, making 109 pictures in all, complete with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3ft. diameter. Price 10s. 6d. No. 2. Precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4ft. in diameter. Price 14s 6d No. 3. Having a No. 3 Lantern and No. 3 Slides. Throughout a very excellent set, giving a 5ft. diameter picture. Price 21s. Bottles of especially prepared Chemical Oil, giving far superior light, at 1s., 1s 6d, and 2s. 6d. Larger sets up to £50. See Illustrated Catalogue.

THE ELECTRIC FUSEE CASE.—In

leather and nickel silver. Any one trying to open this who is not in the secret receives an Electric Shock. 1s. 8d. free. THE MAGIC WHISTLE.—Anyone not in the secret who blows it gets their faces covered with charcoal or flour, 1s. 2d. THE RAT TOBACCO POUCH. Capital fun; life-size, 1s. 6d. BLOATER, 1s. 6d. OYSTER, 1s. 6d.

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CABINET, containing ten good Tricks, post-free 1s. 3d. Boxes of larger and better Tricks, 2s. 10d., 3s. 4d., 10s. 6d., 21s., 42s.

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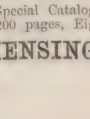
Complete Theatre to fit up and take to pieces. Strongly jointed, with large number of figures, and book of words. Free, 1s. 3d. Much superior and larger ditto, with lamps complete, 2s. 6d. The PANORAMA PEEP-SHOW, fitted with handsome front, folding side-wings, lens, silvered reflectors, and six coloured scenes, 1s. 2d.; larger ditto, with twenty scenes and three lamps, 2s. 6d. THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE. Splendid fit-up of theatre, supports, play, and book of words complete. Free, 1s. 6d.; larger size, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.



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J. THEOBALD & COMPANY, (Established Fifty Years) 7a, BATH-PLACE, & 20, CHURCH-STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. IX.

THERE is no finer Norman interior in London than

St. Bartholomew's Church,

for, though it has not escaped the hand of the restorer, much of the old work remains in the beautiful nave and choir, with the massive piers and round arches, decorated with the zigzag

INTERIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD.

which I always think as effective as the richer and more delicate traceries and carvings of later architectural days. There may be greater grace and loveliness of design in Early English work, as, for example, in the Angel Choir at Lincoln; there may be greater wealth of ornament, greater feeling of height and space in the buildings of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, but from all these is missing a certain solemnity and impressiveness which make

A Norman Church

so essentially the house of God. They built gloomy houses and homes, those old builders of the twelfth century. Thick walls for defence against the enemy, windows to shoot from rather than for an outlook over the green valley or swift-flowing river they so often commanded, were what were needed then. And beautiful archways and massive piers, with richly wrought capitals, could not have destroyed the sense that they were fortresses to fight from rather than homes in which to play and be happy. A Lady Macbeth in a Norman castle is not out of place; but fancy the heroine of modern comedy or melodrama in the vaulted halls and vast banqueting-chamber which Mr. Irving erected on the Lyceum stage last year! But this very severity, which makes us thankful our lives were not cast in the old castles, is appropriate enough in a church, and he who would know what religion was to men in the ages of faith has but to attend service in a Norman interior, with the dim light falling from high narrow windows, and the mystery of darkness and deep shadow lurking in every vista upon which the arches open. The drawing of the

Nave of St. Bartholomew's

was made before the restorations. It shows encroachments, as well as the loveliest additions, have their value: they help to tell the history of a place—a history from which the most well-meaning restorer tears away pages and often, indeed, whole chapters. I almost go as far as Mr. Ruskin, and believe that it is better to let a beautiful old building fall into a picturesque heap of ruins than "restore" it to a spick-and-span correctness which probably never existed before except in the plans of the restorer.

I liked St. Bartholomew's better in the old days. But still it would take a good many more restorations altogether to destroy its interest and beauty. Besides, it contains several things which are interesting because of their associations. There is the font where

Hogarth was Baptised—

Hogarth, whose work adorns the walls of the near hospital, of which he was a governor. And in the south aisle is the tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor of the Exchequer—and bright indeed must be the sunlight without before you can really see it when the fog is falling it is but a heavy black shadow against the wall. And rising between two of the massive piers is the light graceful canopy of the

Tomb of Rahere,

the founder of the church. One of London's great and good men was this Rahere, for he founded as well the

Hospital of St. Bartholomew,

which was also a priory in its early days; but for almost eight hundred years—after the monks were banished from it as before—it has fulfilled the mission to which Rahere devoted it. There the sick man and the cripple, who stand on either side of Henry VIII. on the Smithfield gateway, have been healed during these long centuries. It was in the reign of the first Henry it was founded as a religious house; in the reign of the eighth and last it was refounded as a secular institution. No one, to-day, needs to be told of the great good it accomplishes in the very heart of London.

There is little to suggest Rahere in the building as you see it from Smithfield. It dates only from the last century, and its chief picturesqueness is in the tone and colour which London smoke and fog give to all London buildings. It is at its best in the summer-time, when the trees within its walls are green, and one turns from the noise and dust of Smithfield with a feeling of relief into the peaceful inclosure, where the neat, trim nurses in their white aprons are hurrying to and fro, and where it seems as if no one could be ill or suffering for long. The old monks would not know their monastery were they to return, but they would recognise their successors as brothers and sisters—if not in faith, at least in charity and true humanity.

RAMBLER.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE week before last I promised to tell you something about a modest institution which exists in Cross Keys-yard, Chelsea, called "Johnnie's Day Nursery." It was established by a kindly and charitable lady in the year 1886 for the benefit of the children of poor

Laundry Women

in the neighbourhood, but it gradually became the refuge of children who are either fatherless or motherless. Mrs. R——, the kindly lady above mentioned, feeds these children, clothes them, sends them to school when old enough, and she gives also her utmost attention to their religious and moral training at home. But this nursery is not wholly a

Charitable Institution,

for the parents pay a shilling a week for each child. Mrs. R—— is now very anxious to collect a little money for the purpose of providing a lodging in the country for her little Johnnies, and, in order to aid in the good work, the clever actor Mr C. Brookfield and his charming wife have arranged two theatrical performances for the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Dec. 10. These entertainments will be very interesting. In the afternoon, after a duologue written by a famous

Authoress,

and spoken by two little girls, the children will march in procession round the hall, so that everyone will have an opportunity of seeing the little folks who will benefit by the entertainments of the day. There is a very homely old adage, known to you all, I am sure, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." We might make an adage of the same kind to the effect, "Look after the children, and the men and women will not give much trouble." Poor little London children! Are they not to be pitied? During the last twenty years a great fuss has been made about their

Education,

and millions of money spent in providing school-houses, which are now found to be simply fever-beds from bad drainage, while the buildings themselves are of such "shoddy" stuff that they are in many instances unsafe, and in danger of collapse. Now, it is bad enough, in all conscience, to cram poor, under-fed, and half-clothed children with useless knowledge in all its branches: but it is worse still to expose them in their weak

Physical Condition

to the certainty of catching typhoid and diphtheria from the foul smells and bad air in which they are obliged to spend so many hours every day. I wish all the children now in England, not to speak of the world, had good and wise mothers. If that were so the England of the future might be allowed to govern herself. A writer, whom I very often quote, says that "in order to thrive, children require a certain amount of

'Letting Alone.'"

He adds to this that it is a mistake to try to mould children "into a certain fixed pattern, which shall be as nearly as possible the repetition of ourselves. Many a mother is disappointed because her daughter or her son, but especially the former, evinces tastes in which she has nothing in common. They display propensities which are perhaps not evil, but incongruous, and then she commits the

Fatal Error

of trying to repress all that she dislikes or fails to comprehend." There is no mother so unwise as the mother who is unstable, full of moods and fads. Everything looks bright and cheerful to her one day; the next, she is down in the "dumps," and she makes everyone about her miserable. Of course, when one feels depressed or nervous—when everything seems to go wrong, just out of pure "cussedness," as the Americans say, it is not the easiest thing in the world to avoid making all those around us

As Miserable

as we are ourselves. But it can be avoided: and there is more real religion in forcing ourselves to check the harsh word on our lips, and to say something cheerful and pleasant, than there is in going to church twice every Sunday. Once upon a time—how long ago I do not know—someone asked, "At what age would you begin the education of a child?" And a wise man answered, "Twenty years or more before its birth, by educating its

Father and Mother."

And now I must wind up with a very short chat about dress. You may perhaps like to see a very pretty travelling-gown worn lately by a charming bride, Miss Dora Marriott, now Mrs. Burnand. I am allowed by the kindness of the Editor to reproduce the sketch from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Nov. 30.

This Pretty Gown

was made of gendarme-blue cloth, handsomely braided in black and trimmed with astrachan. The jacket, hat, and muff were all made to match. The band of astrachan round the bottom of the skirt makes a very effective trimming. Miss Marriott's bridesmaids were blue-grey vicuna cloth trimmed with beaver. In the bodices were white cloth waistcoats trimmed with silver; and the headdresses were white cloth caps ornamented with quills.

MARGUERITE.

TO THE DEAF.—Nicholson's Patented Artificial Ear-Drums cure deafness and noises in the head in all stages. 80-page Illustrated Book, with full description, free.—Dr. NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once: they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in tins. 1s. [ADVT.]

OUR SPECIAL ROVER'S TRIP TO IRELAND.

IN WILD DONEGAL.—III.

THERE is an Irish story which conveys something of the moral my visit to Ireland impressed upon me. A magistrate was one day surprised to receive a visit from Pat Doherty, a noted "bruiser." Pat came to lay a charge of battery and assault against Tim Flaherty. The magistrate, knowing Pat's reputation in the battery and assault line, was a trifle taken aback, and asked him to show his bruises. Pat showed a few trifling wounds, and the magistrate proceeded to grant the summons, when it occurred to him to ask how his opponent had fared. Pat admitted that he had altered one or two of his "faitures," but he was somewhat reticent. Suddenly in rushed a man at breakneck speed, and shouted to the magistrate to come to Tim Flaherty's at once to take his "dying daposition." It strikes me that England is somewhat in the same position in regard to Ireland as the gentleman who wanted to charge Tim Flaherty with assault. We complain of her misdeeds to us, but we forget she is herself almost in the death-throes. By-and-bye, while parties squabble and do nothing, we may be called upon to take her "dying daposition."

IN WILD DONEGAL: A PEASANT'S HUT.

Plenty of Life in the Country Still.

Yet there is plenty of life in the country. It only wants development. Everything is as yet rudimentary. Take the cooking. The worst of Ireland is that you can get nothing fit to eat there, save in a few exceptional hotels. The eggs are delicious, for there is no export trade, and you get the freshest product of the poultry farm, and the butter is also very good and always fresh. But the meat is a sad experience. Let no epicure go in for extensive touring in Ireland, unless he knows his hotels. In the country districts there are no ovens at all, except in the houses of the gentry, the priests, and a few of the better-class farmers. The food is either heated in a rough fashion before a big open fire, or else boiled in a huge pot, hung gipsy fashion over the huge chimney corner. I shall never forget

My First Breakfast in Donegal.

It was in a small inn—at six in the morning—the red light just crimsoning the tops of the distant hills, but not yet penetrating the recesses of the big kitchen and its huge old-fashioned chimney, open hearth, and big iron pot swinging from the roof. Half a dozen fowls were crooning amiably from the rafters, a duck squatted almost under our feet, and a dog yawned and made overtures from the corner. Chops and steaks done under such conditions as these are necessarily not of the primest. The same backwardness marks the industries. The Donegal land is barrenness itself. The peasant has to blast the huge rocks which cover it, to heat the land, to manure it three times a year, and sometimes to cart every pound avoirdupois of the soil from one part of a plot to another before he can get it to produce as many potatoes as will keep him for the winter. But Donegal soil is full of wealth. As I drove to Derrybeg Chapel I came across the abandoned shafts and ruined works of old silver mines, which might still be made to yield wealth from a now blackened and abandoned waste. But there are plenty of other sources of prosperity for poor Donegal.

Agricultural Machinery

is badly wanted. The use of hand-flails must long ago have died out in England, but you see them wielded in the strong hands of the peasants of Gweedore and Falcarragh. Flax, too, is crushed by harnessing a horse to a huge stone wheel, with a hole in the middle, to which is fixed the pole that serves to run this strange kind of threshing-machine. Another device is to lay the flax in the road and pass and repass a horse and cart over it till the crushing is complete. Improved mills, improved machinery and implements, would all help the peasant to realise the fruit of his toil. Then

Look at the Fisheries.

Fish swarm along the Donegal coasts; but for mile on mile no man puts in net or line, because he has no boat. The Tory Islanders very pathetically say that if they can get boats they will gladly pay rent, but that, otherwise, they cannot and will not. Then there is the lovely Kells lace and embroidery. Thanks to Mrs. Ernest Hart's attempt to revive the Donegal industries, there is now springing up, within sight of the scene of Mr. Martin's death, a nice little block of factories, where neat-handed, dark-eyed girls are whirling the lace-bobbins about, and new carding-machines are ready for the manufacture of those lovely frieze patterns which I am glad to see are coming into fashion in town. Lectures are given—fancy lectures in Gweedore!—on the technical processes and the dyes. Those rich lovely hues that one sees in the shawls of the peasant women—all come from these apparently profitless stretches of black bog and brown heather and grey-brown granite which seems to mock with their wild beauty man's ceaseless effort to live and be happy in their midst. Ireland wants a good government and capital to work it. Half a dozen well-managed hotels in Connemara, and along this Donegal coast—at present there are only two, separated by a distance of thirty Irish miles—would bring thousands of pounds to the country, and would teach Englishmen what stores of undeveloped wealth and what—if we only treat it rightly—

Lovable Human Material

are to be found in wild, unhappy, but not altogether lost or hopeless Donegal.

The place is full of memories. As I stood just inside the double cordon of black-and-green-coated soldiers, with their spiked helmets and rifles, which surrounded a cottage in Meenacladdy, made ready for eviction—the "sticks" piled in piteous confusion outside the door—the priest by my side pulled me by the arm and directed my attention to a house at the foot of the hill, not twenty yards away. "That," said he, "is the cottage where O'Donnell was born, and his brother still lives there." O'Donnell was, of course, the man who tracked Carey to his doom. I found by inquiry that he had lived most of his life in America, but had returned at long intervals, in one of which he conceived the idea of killing Carey. He was a silent but wild and strange man, and was always thought to be a trifle uncanny. A still older reminiscence is that of

The Kings of Ulster,

concerning whom the people's memories, so tenacious of Irish legends, are still alive. As you drive from Dunfanaghy to Letterkenny you have pointed out to you a low craggy hill. It is the mountain where the O'Donels were crowned as Kings of all Ireland. When I was in Derry I had the honour of being entertained by a direct descendant of the O'Neills, once Kings of Ulster. They were dispossessed by the Protestant settlers, but by hard fighting, shrewdness, and quiet strength one of their line has made his way to one of the front places in the commerce of Derry, and is the manager of a new and flourishing line of steamers between Derry and Glasgow and Fleetwood. A more sinister memory is awakened in the long drive between Letterkenny and Falcarragh, the spot where Lord Leitrim was murdered. I heard from both sides—Loyalist and Nationalist—many stories of this terrible old man—of his extraordinary and gross profligacy, his callous courage, his awful doom. The man who shot him is believed to be still living on the estate, and is a farmer of good position, who avenged on his landlord's person the direst wrong that one man may do another. When the fatal shot was fired, and Lord Leitrim dropped, a dead man, into the road, his servant drove straight home, and was so terrified that, after stabling his horse, he went straight to bed, not daring to say a word of the murder. Yet the men who slew him were peasants of the ordinary Donegal type, easy, good-natured, submissive, with fine well-marked features, soft eyes, and the simplest manners in the world.

Donegal

is no doubt an extreme instance of the unsettlement of Ireland, but the country is the same everywhere, excepting in one corner of Ulster. We have yet got to settle the Irish question. The country is divided into two hostile camps, which have no communication with each other. It is the most difficult thing in the world for Englishmen who consort with Nationalists to get the Loyalist view of the case, and vice versâ. Yet I am persuaded that if Ireland were generously dealt with by English statesmen the country would settle down to the humdrum but necessary work of making the wheels of industry go—of starting fisheries, manufactories, mines, of introducing improved machinery, of encouraging the influx of capital. The people deserve this, for with all their faults they are gentle, docile—too docile—and most teachable. The average of intelligence is remarkable—much higher than in England. All the people read the newspapers, and the walls of the poorest mud cottages are often adorned with the last ten years' cartoons from *United Ireland* or the *Weekly Freeman*. The worst of it is that with the uncertain political prospect no man knows exactly what is going to happen to the country to-morrow, or next month, or next year, so the number of waiters on Providence—regular Micawbers, in fact—is enormous. When I drove to the Dublin station for Maryborough, my carman first convinced himself that I was a Loyalist, and then that I had Nationalist sympathies. So he kindly boxed the whole political compass for me, beginning with a furious denunciation of Father M'Fadden, and ending with an equally fiery philippic against the Government! Such is life in Ireland to-day.

H. W. M.

THE WARSPITE LADS

proved to many boys, old and young, the most interesting feature of the Lord Mayor's Show. We illustrate the smart Drum and Fife Band of the Warspite practising on board their excellent training-ship in the Thames for the Show, the view being reproduced from Mr. Thomas's photograph. Mr. Thomas, of the Citizen's Studio, 121, Cheapside, has made it a labour of love to photograph picturesque groups on board all the Thames Training Ships, which owe so much to the liberality of benevolent men in the City of London. It is the Marine Society, of which the Earl of Romney is President, that maintains the Warspite off Charlton for the instruction of poor and destitute boys for the Royal Navy or the Merchant Service. We can vouch, from a personal inspection of the Warspite, that the sailor lads being educated there are as smart and bright a set of youths as could be found in a day's voyage. The Marine Society, which boasts with reason of having sent no less than 60,800 well-qualified sailor boys to sea, has a zealous secretary in Mr. Henry W. Andrews, R.N.; and this gentleman justly points with pride to the hearty eulogy pronounced by Lieutenant-Colonel I. McD. Moody:—

"The training-ship boys are all that can be desired, especially the Warspite boys (Marine Society). I consider this is the best-managed charity for training boys in the kingdom. The results are wonderful. I am informed by the Inspecting Captain of the Royal Naval Training-ships that, next to the coasting boys, the Warspite's are the best that he gets. For healthiness and smartness they are a picture, and I see a large number of them, as all who join the Royal Navy pass through my hands. An old Marlborough officer is in command. I regret to learn that the funds of this most estimable society have been of late years much reduced, and that there is thus great danger of a serious diminution in the scope of its operations."

For the information of our philanthropic readers, we may add that the address of the Marine Society's Secretary is 54½, Bishopsgate-street Within, London.

JOLLY SAILOR LIFE FOR POOR BOYS: THE WARSPITE DRUM AND FIFE BAND.
From the Photograph by Mr. R. W. Thomas, Citizen's Studio, 121, Cheapside.

IT MAY SEEM INCREDIBLE, but it is nevertheless true, that by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC Belts thousands of men and women have been completely cured of the most obstinate cases of nervous weakness, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, torpid liver, indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness, hysteria, internal weakness, &c. Those who are in search of health and strength should not hesitate a moment, but either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute and personally examine the multitude of original testimonials and see the cases scientifically tested, or write at once for pamphlet, which may be had free on application to Mr. C. B. HARNESS, President, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, Oxford-street, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts and other appliances are guaranteed genuine. Consultation free.—[ADVT.]

FUN AND FANCY.

BEFORE THE FIREPLACE.

Before the open fireplace
The happy children play,
And in its lights and shadows trace
Odd figures grave and gay.
The goblins, as they come and go
Within the flickering light,
Are chased by fairies to and fro,
Which fills them with delight.

Before the open fireplace,
The father, worn and sad,
Within the embers tries to trace
The fortune once he had.
His melancholy thoughts provoke
An able-bodied sigh,
As to himself he says, "Great smoke!
But coal is awful high!"

"FLESH-COLOURED."

Mr. Jefferson Jackson: "I wish foh to git some candy foh a young lady, Sah."—Confectioner: "Yes, Sir. Is there any particular kind you would like?"—Mr. Jefferson Jackson: "Well, I dunno, Sah, as dey is."—Confectioner: "How would some of these bon-bons suit you?"—Mr. Jefferson Jackson: "I guess yer kin gimme some of dem dere flesh-coloured candies up yander."—Confectioner: "Ah, you mean these chocolate drops."

JACK FROST'S EARLY APPEARANCE.

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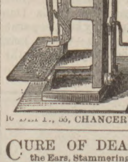
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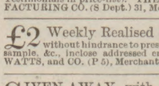
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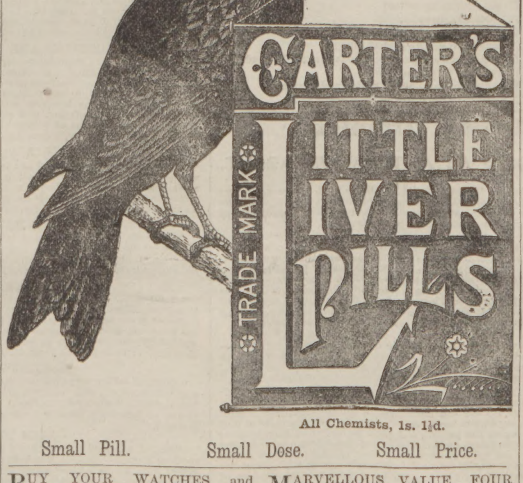

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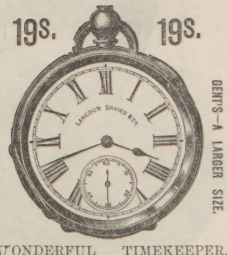

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ON

ELECTRICITY AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

DR. G. V. POORE, "Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," says: "Electricity will help a patient on his road to recovery *when everything else has failed to render him the slightest service*: its reputation as a remedial agent is based very largely on its great power in this direction."

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DR. J. C. STERLE, Medical Superintendent, Guy's Hospital, says: "The employment of Electricity in the investigation and treatment of disease has been greatly developed during the last twenty years. It had long been known that Electricity possessed properties allied in some degree with the manifestations of nervous force, but it was not till much new light was thrown on the subject by patient investigators, and by the construction of numerous new and ingenious instruments for its administration, that *its importance and value as a curative agent has been generally accepted.*"

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The REV. JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Methodism, says: "Electricity cures abundance of diseases, *even the most stubborn*; many of them in a moment, most in a few days, so that this is not only one of the greatest curiosities of the world, but one of the noblest boons God ever gave to man."

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DR. JULIUS ALTHAUS, M.R.C.P., Physician to the Infirmary for Epilepsy and Paralysis, says: "I am convinced that in the large majority of cases which come under our care in the course of practice there are three or four different ways of curing the patient, and it is the object of therapeutical science to find out the safest, quickest, and least unpleasant mode of doing so. . . . *There are affections in which nothing but Electricity can do real good*, and for these its employment will be strongly urged; while there are some in which Electricity may be resorted to, either after other modes of treatment have failed or where physician and patient incline more to Electricity than physic, or to a more dietetic and hygienic kind of treatment."

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERIES are sent post-free as under:

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The Company's Consulting Medical Electrician will be happy to advise, either personally or by letter, and *free of charge*, any patient who will send full particulars of his or her complaint.

Write for *Private Advice Form*, which will be sent on application.

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Testimonials.

Hundreds of Genuine Testimonials have been received, fully proving the great benefit to be derived from DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY. We shall be pleased to submit the originals of all below and many others to Patients and others who will favour us with a visit. Want of space prevents us printing more than the following:—

DR. W. H. MILLS, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,

Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, writes:—

"I have worn DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY, and have experienced great relief and comfort from it. I used to have headaches more or less constantly; since wearing it I have scarcely had a touch of it. I also suffered from severe pains in my back, which have also left me."

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"Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that the benefit I have derived from the Battery is something marvellous. I have been under the doctor's care for some years without receiving any permanent relief, suffering from indigestion, loss of appetite, severe pains and sickness after eating anything, and not able to do any house work at all. Now I can go about my usual work without any suffering, and experience no pain; my appetite has increased, and all signs of indigestion have disappeared.—Believe me to remain, yours thankfully, SARAH LEECE, 27, York-street, Huddersfield."

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.

"Dear Sirs,—The Battery I had from you was for a friend of mine, who was suffering great pain and sleepless nights from Neuralgia. It has proved most effectual. I also applied it to the cheek for Toothache, and obtained almost instantaneous relief. It has produced truly highly beneficial results. Yours, &c., J. G. HENDERSON, Earl Grey-street, Edinburgh, N.B."

SICK HEADACHES.

"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to tell you that your Battery has done me a great deal of good, having suffered with pains in the head and chest for a long time, but I am much better since I have worn the Battery.—I remain, yours truly, M. GERMANEY, Grafton-street, New Clee, Grimsby."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"Gentlemen,—I am glad to inform you that my wife, who has been suffering from Nervous Debility for more than twelve months, is considerably better since she began to wear one of your Magneto Electric Batteries. She has recommended them to some of our friends and I shall be obliged if you will kindly send two more as soon as possible.—Yours faithfully, JOSEPH MILLETT, Victoria-terrace, Pontefract, Yorks."

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"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased with your Batteries. I have been troubled with Rheumatism, and have found them very good. I have never been troubled with it since wearing them. You can use these few lines as you please.—Yours truly, ROBERT SIMPSON, 14, Canada-street, Winterbey-lane, Horwich."

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"Sir,—I am glad to say that I am much better than I was before I received your Battery. I was suffering from a Skin Disease for over six years; but I am better now than I have been for a long time.—Yours truly, JANE HANSON, 3, Oak-street, Spring-terrace, Rawtenstall."

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